High noon at *Private Eye*, the most

An American way of death: hunters wh

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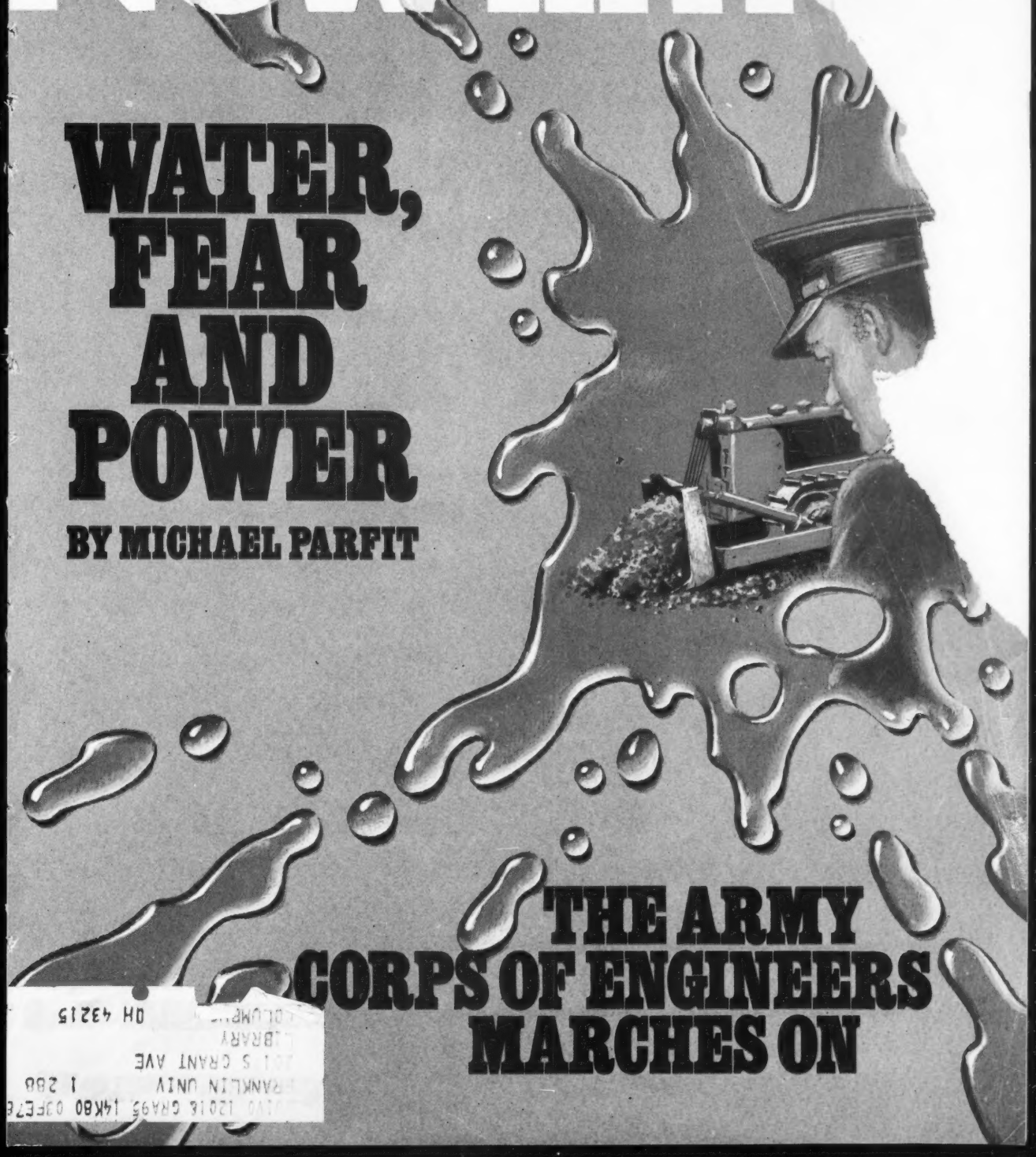

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BY MICHAEL PARFIT

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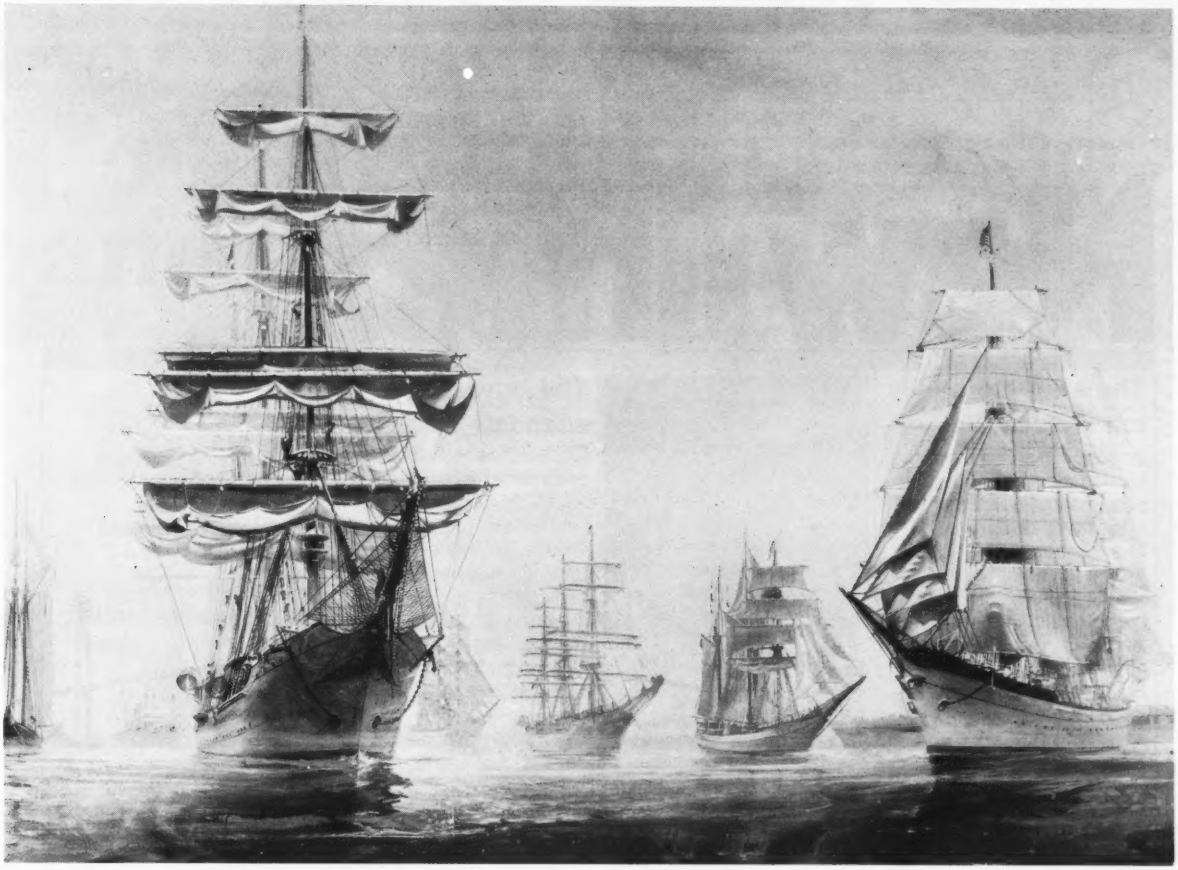

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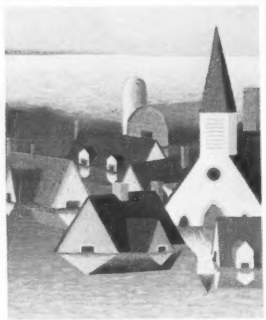
NOVEMBER 12, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 10

NewTimes

The Army Corps marches on

For years, the Corps has leveled mountains, drained swamps and built dams, all in the name of improvement and progress. But often the end results are little more than buried towns, disfigured landscapes and false promises of protection.
By Michael Parfit
Page 25



COVER
ILLUSTRATION BY KEN THOMPSON

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A close-up on the Corps: the bulldozing of New Burlington

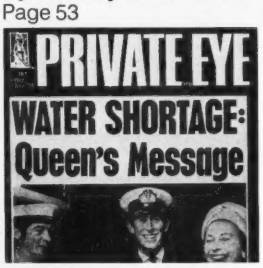
New Burlington was a comfortable Ohio farming village on the banks of Caesar Creek. For years, its 400 residents had heard rumors of a Corps of Engineers project, but no one dreamed of what would happen once it really started.
By John Baskin
Page 39

When hunters become the hunted

Some 22 million hunters are taking to fields in search of sport and game. Hundreds will never return.
By Craig Waters
Page 46

The *Private Eye* scandal

Queen Elizabeth, Idi Amin and Harold Wilson have all, at one time or another, felt the barbs of England's *Private Eye*. But after printing an exposé on a multi-millionaire nicknamed "Goldenballs," the anarchic journal finds itself on the hook: criminal libel is, after all, no laughing matter.
By Anthony Haden-Guest
Page 53



Gable, where are you?

Movie moguls Richard Zanuck and David Brown are busy searching for the new Scarlett and the new Rhett. Our movie critic has his ideas on the casting of *The Continuation of Gone With the Wind*. What are yours?
By Richard Corliss
Page 63

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Doris Kearns speaks to Carter, and Carter speaks to God.
By Robert Shrum and Robert Sam Anson
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What's all the excitement about?
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Movies: Precision drilling
John Schlesinger's thriller *Marathon Man* hits more than a few nerves.
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Music: Ry Cooder moving away from rock
And back to the sources of American music.
By Kit Rachlis
Page 71

Books: The sanity option
Adler and Gray display their singular sensibilities in *Speedboat* and *Lovers and Tyrants*.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Food
Fiber for thought.
By James Trager
Page 78

Final Tribute
The demise of the grit mystique.
By Carol Caldwell
Page 80

What you get on the Fiat 128 that you can't get on the Datsun B-210 and the Toyota Corolla at any price.

You probably already know that both the Datsun B-210 and the Toyota Corolla offer a lot of standard equipment for the money. What you may not know is that the Fiat 128 gives you standard equipment that isn't available on these Japanese cars no matter what you'd be willing to pay.

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Letters

Bumptious Butz

It was easy to acknowledge the racism of Earl Butz' recent statement, but more difficult for the media to concede the sexism implicit in his comments (The Insider, October 15). Since I expect more from *New Times* than any other magazine I do not expect this fact to be ignored. Butz' remarks were as equally anti-woman as anti-black.

P.E. Mariedaughter
Kansas City, Missouri

In regards to your "scoop" that former Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz was the "unnamed" Cabinet official who made the horrendous mistake of telling a crude joke in a private conversation, 35,000 feet up in an airplane, I say, "So what!" I'd like to know how many of us, black, white, pink or green, have not told some sort of off-color joke. I am not defending this obvious lack of tact, I am merely amazed at all the hypocrites.

Connie Hindalong
Omaha, Nebraska

Chinese tragedy

The death of Mao was not "tragic" (Final Tribute, October 1). What is tragic is that so many Chinese face machine guns and sharks to swim to freedom in Hong Kong. It is also tragic that we sing the praises of the greatest mass-murderer in history.

Peter M. Leschak
Hibbing, Minnesota

More Mose

I would like to thank *New Times* and commend Bob Ward for the article on me in the October 15 issue. However, there is one clarification that I must make. The paragraph on John Denver was evidently a fusion of two separate quotes made at different times.

I did say that I considered myself as a sort of antidote to John Denver (sarcastic but not malicious) but the rest of the quote was made, not in reference to any specific person, but as a comment on general trends in the lyrics of many top-forty-type songs.

As printed, the paragraph is unfair to John Denver and I feel that he is due this explanation and my apologies.

Mose Allison
New York City

Editor's Note: A new Mose Allison album, *Your Mind Is On Vacation*, was recently released by Atlantic Records.

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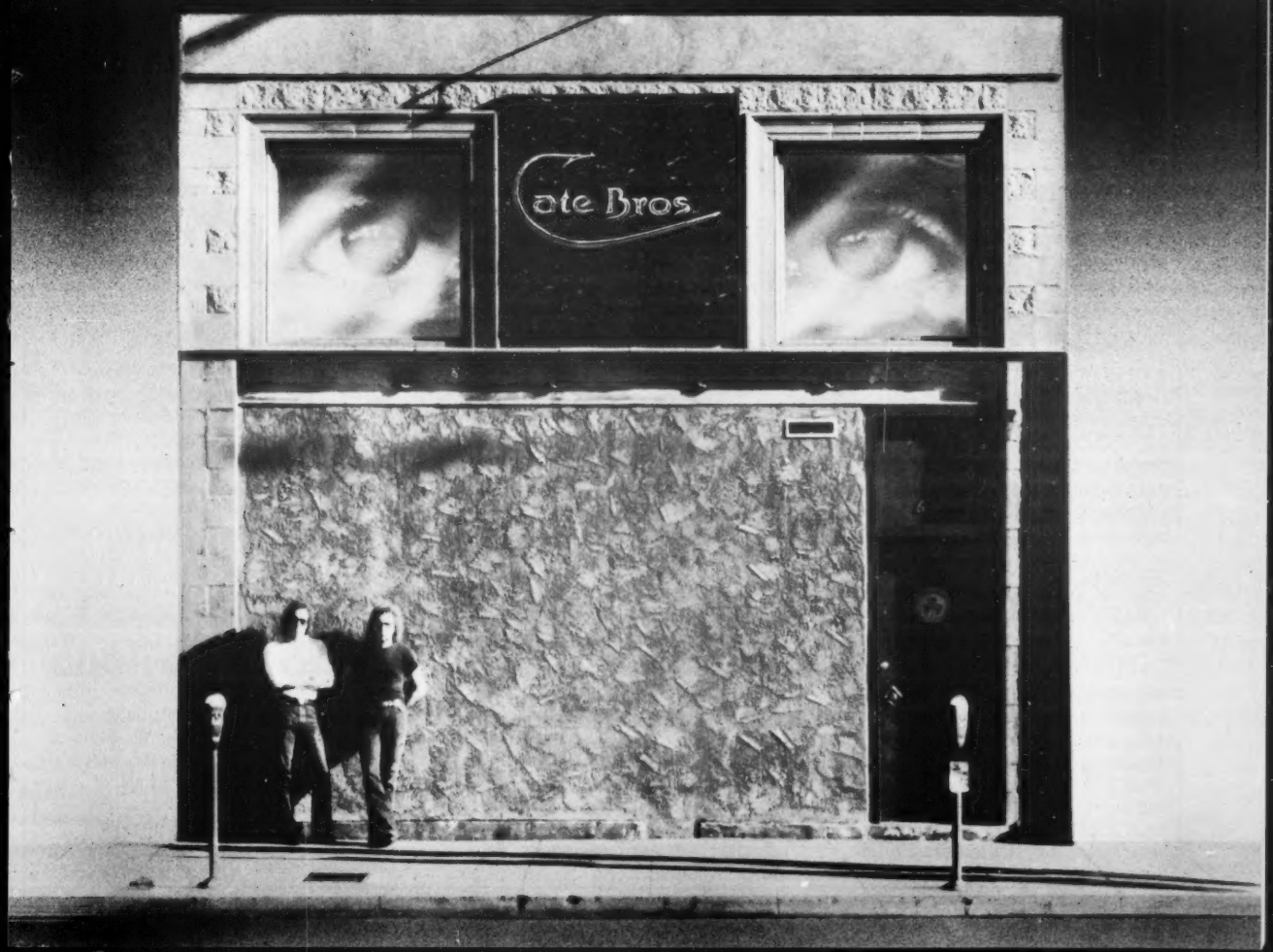

Party Lines

Another Carter interview/By Robert Sam Anson and Robert Shrum

It was 15 days after the *Playboy* interview, six weeks before it hit the headlines. Doris Kearns, Harvard professor and biographer of Lyndon Johnson, had come to Plains in the hot August summer to interview Jimmy Carter for four magazines to which even the scrupulously devout could not object—*Ladies Home Journal, Redbook, American Home*, and *womenSports*. Her profiles of Carter's character and Ford's appear side by side in the November issues of those magazines. But her Carter article had space for just a fraction of what he said to her that afternoon in his book-lined study. Reading the rest of that interview offers other glimpses, other clues, into this very different candidate who talks candidly and thinks seriously about things that hardly matter to the common run of politicians and presidents, who tend to be content with the occasional rituals of secular piety.

The transcript of Kearns' conversation with Carter makes it clear that his *Playboy* comments on lust were not last minute afterthoughts which just happened to pop into his mind and out of his mouth as interviewer Bob Scheer and editor Barry Golson were leaving the room. Talking with Kearns, Carter insistently discoursed on personal morality. He confessed: "I have even felt lust. The most difficult thing in my life is to admit lust, anger, hatred. Rosalynn and I do feel these things. So when I talk with God, I tell him I was grasping in advantage yesterday or derogating others the day before or hurting another or lusting after someone else. It is easy to avoid the act, but I'm never proud of simply not sleeping with someone else, only when I can abolish sinful thoughts."

Carter may not be proud of his chastity, but he is at peace about his mental culpabilities. "I know I am sinful as are all people," he told Kearns. "But God is just and fair more than other humans. He cannot condone sinfulness. Yet to forgive us he let Christ take the punishment for us."

By his own reckoning, it is this faith that sustains Carter's self-confidence. "Belief in the forgiveness of God gives me the freedom to take chances and make mistakes." But does he ever have any doubts about himself? Kearns asked. "I never did any self-analysis. I always had superb confidence in myself. I still have doubts about whether others like me, or my ability to project an image, but not traumatic crises."

Carter's is not an unquestioning faith, though the questions, he explained to Kearns, only strengthen his certainty. "I feel contention with God at times—why is there suffering and doubt and death and hunger—but even that struggle is contributing to a deeper sense of assurance. The alternative is a belief in permanent death."

Did death frighten him? "I'm not afraid of death," he claimed. Kearns responded that she felt terror when she heard about Jerry Litton (the Missouri Congressman who was killed in a plane crash the night he won a Senate primary, two nights before this interview). "I felt physically sick when I heard the news on TV," Carter answered. "I thought he was one of three or four who could run for president. I can only accept a thing like that in the context of God's word that a life on earth that is so important to us is transient in God's kingdom. Physical death is not important."

Did he believe in life after death? "Yes, I absolutely believe in an afterlife." What determines who gets there? "I don't know God's attitude toward people who haven't had a chance to know Christ."

Carter's religious consciousness seemingly pervades his life down to details that strike most of us, if we bother to notice them at all, as casual and perfunctory. "It [the conversion experience] changed my feeling toward people I see—for example, on elevators," Kearns overheard him telling another interviewer while she was waiting in the next room for her turn. "I want to help people on elevators, to see what I can do for them, rather than what I can derive from them or blotting them out of my mind."

Not surprisingly, a consciousness so central to personal life that it reaches to such peripheries also influences Carter's conduct and conceptions of public affairs. It is not just that he brings a remarkable self-confidence from one realm into the other, but that he explicitly relates the imperatives of Church and State. As it was expressed in the Kearns interview, the relationship does not sound simplistic, foretelling any narrow attempt to legislate private morality. It seems subtle, elusive, indicating that perhaps Carter has not resolved how to apply the abstract connection of faith and politics to the complexities of specific cases. Thus, he told Kearns: "Laws can accomplish changes in mores in the absence of enforcement. Like adultery. They're observed with the absence of enforcement." He appears to be approving of such non-enforcement. Or does he? "I say," he said later to Kearns, "judge not that ye be not judged. For example, adultery or homosexuals. God taught us to obey civil law and authority. We must reach compatability between civil and God's law. If there is disharmony, obey God's law, but accept punishment. Governments have been evolved subsequent to religious construction. Worship first, then civil government, then attempt to make the two compatible." But in what way, if not by treating immoralities as illegalities? Or was Carter implying that a president should feel free, indeed obliged, to disobey an act of Congress in conflict with his notions of a higher law, so long as he stood ready to take the earthly consequences, caring only about some divine verdict?

Carter's religion, even his views on lust, are not beside the political point. They shape the kind of person he is, and it is a person not a program that becomes president. But what the point is precisely, whether the influence of his morality would be good or bad or both, has not been scrutinized with any care during the campaign. Rather the press has focused on the vocabulary of the *Playboy* interview, missing the substance for the sensationalism. Wouldn't it be nice after Nixon to have a president who knows in his soul the difference between right and wrong, even if we do not agree with his definition in all its details? Yet do we want faith to go so far that a president regards death as "not important"? In what sense, with what effects?

Someone said recently that this election has been a choice between fear of the known and fear of the unknown. Ford seemed easy to know, Carter hard to guess about. Everyone had their own version of him. We knew his name was Jimmy Carter and he was running for President: he told us so in the first line of his acceptance speech. But America didn't have a sure line on the rest of him. At the end, the voters were left with the nagging mystery of his character—with a choice between a Jerry they knew too well and a Jimmy they understood too little. Despite and perhaps because of a breathless baring of intimate beliefs, after this longest presidential campaign in history, Jimmy, we hardly knew you. ●

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Slow Down

What's all the excitement about?/By James S. Kunen

I was driving my automobile through the streets of the city, trying to get from one place to another. It came to my attention that of all the sirens, one was growing more distinct, approaching insistently from the rear. I inched to my left and let pass a police car, which was probably hastening to the scene of a recently consummated crime of violence. Or it might have been a baby fallen into a sewer, or an old woman who had failed to subsist, in the end, on a diet of tea and crackers. Homes burning, hearts bursting, renegade young men robbing and beating the helpless—there's always something. If you're really interested you can learn to distinguish the sirens—the ambulances from the police cars from the fire engines.

I regained the center lane and continued on my way. I noted the prostitutes standing patiently in their uncomfortable shoes, the dope addicts shambling down the sidewalks, the insane people muttering, the derelicts asleep or dead in the doorways.

I was troubled by the prospect of arriving home too late to get a parking place. I turned on the radio. An elderly couple, tired of living in fear of muggings, had committed double suicide. A state political leader had been indicted for bribery. A cargo plane had fallen on a city and killed several hundred people. There was a substantial, but by no means certain, chance of rain. News time. I probably would be late for my parking space.

The disc jockey placed a telephone call, or played a tape of a call he had placed. Two rings. A teen-aged girl answered. "What is your favorite radio station?" he asked her. She replied that her favorite station was that station for which the d.j. worked, and to which I was listening. "You've just won a WABC T-shirt!" the disc jockey told her. "*Oh my God!*" she screamed, and began whooping, speaking in tongues, crying, and throwing the receiver against the wall. "I don't *believe* it!" she gasped, as soon as she was able.

This unseemly little outburst provoked my interest. As a middle-class Jewish boy, I had an unstintingly Puritan upbringing, and admit to feeling uncomfortable when confronted with any manifestation of emotion. That's why I was always so happy in America.

We don't get excited easily here. Only half the electorate votes to determine which candidate will have 31,000 atomic bombs at his fingertips. We don't get too excited about atomic bombs. A few weeks ago the man who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima re-enacted the event before a crowd of 40,000 at Airshow '76 in Harlingen, Texas. As he flew overhead in a B-29, a U.S. Army demolition team detonated a simulator that sent a mushroom cloud skyward. It was just a show. Not that it didn't make an impression on people, but they say the average kid sees 15,000 violent deaths on TV by age 15, and then we get our booster shots at the movies—a maintenance dose of decapitations, dumdum wounds, defenestrations, amputations by tooth and claw, a certain amount of torture. And of course there was that war on the news for five years. We don't get too excited.

But I've been noticing lately that people who find themselves the object of corporate largesse, however meager, have, with inexplicable consistency, taken to throwing fits.

Where does this behavior come from, and when will it go away? To find out, I went to the source.

In a non-descript building in mid-Manhattan, a 15-foot gilded pyramid stands in the center of a stage. It looks like a singularly tacky false idol, until the power comes on. Then, as its lights flash and its gold gleams under the fiery kliegs, one cannot suppress a feeling of awe for this, *The $20,000 Pyramid*.

The $20,000 Pyramid is the TV game show which is acculturating Americans to extreme displays of emotion. The Pyramid itself has six panels. Five men behind it (60 altogether work on the production) turn the panels to reveal the names of categories of things. A Personality and a lay contestant sit face to face at the base of the Pyramid, which is behind one of them. A panel is revealed. The cluer sees its secret. He says, perhaps, "a razor, a lawnmower, a sickle," and the cluee, if she's sharp, says "things with a blade." One down. Five to go. And they only have 60 seconds. The partners strain toward each other, struggling together, climbing toward that peak and then—explosion, ecstasy, $20,000! When a contestant wins, he or she, young or old, without exception, screams and jumps up and down, staggers, and avoids collapse only by ferociously embracing the Personality partner. No viewer can watch this unmoved.

"The viewers *identify*," Dick Clark, the M.C., explained. "They want to see the plump housewife or the grey-haired man win. The one thing they don't want to see is celebrities win money for charity. Ten thousand dollars to the March of Dimes doesn't get you all welled-up inside."

Why are the contestants *always* so demonstrative?

"It's the 'moment of truth,'" says Bob Stewart, the creator of the show, and also of *Password*, *The Price Is Right*, and *To Tell The Truth*, to name a few. "The technique is what stimulates the demonstration of emotion you witness. There's only a few seconds between a couple of hundred bucks and $20,000. You never have $3,000, $5,000, it's a few hundred bucks or bang! it's $20,000. It's the same thing on *The Price Is Right*. A shiny new car is sitting on stage, and a contestant is competing for it. No one's ahead or behind; no one knows who's winning. And the M.C. says 'The price is . . .' and *at that moment* we flash a light and the contestant finds out for the first time that she owns the car in front of her, and she pees in her pants. It's the technique."

It works. I myself have embarked on a program of Pyramid Therapy. By constant exposure to these stimulating vignettes, I am repatterning my nervous system. In time, who knows what I'll be able to get excited about!!

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Rochester, NY	WNWZ-FM	92.5
Sacramento, CA	KFBK	1530
*Salem, OR	KROW	1460
Salt Lake City, UT	KWMS	1280
San Francisco, CA	KNAI-FM	100
*Sarasota, FL	WQSA	1220
*Shreveport, LA	KJOE	1480
Spokane, WA	KSPO	1230
Springfield, MA	WNUS	1490
Steubenville, OH	WSTV	1340
Trenton, NJ	WBUD	1260
Ventura, CA	KAAP	1400
Washington, DC	WRC	980
West Palm Beach, FL	WPOM	1600
Wichita, KS	KWBB	1410
Wilkes-Barre, PA	WBRE	1340
Wilkes-Barre, PA	WBRE-FM	98.5
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The Insider

Cuban terrorists (continued)/ The new earth shoes—bare feet

Politics

Carter on Johnson

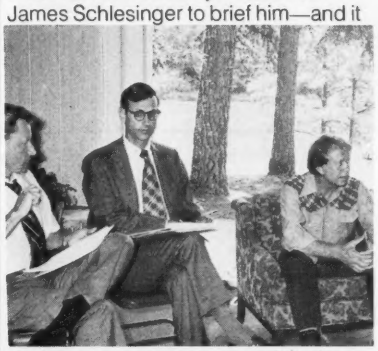
The unpublished transcript of Harvard professor Doris Kearns' interview with Jimmy Carter (see "Party Lines," page 6) might comfort Texans: apparently he doesn't *really* think that LBJ was guilty of "lying, cheating, and distorting the truth." That's what he had said to Robert Scheer, the *Playboy* interviewer, *New Times* columnist and veteran antiwar activist.

But to Doris Kearns, Johnson's biographer, he told a different tale: "You know I wrote to President Johnson after he went back to Texas and told him what a wonderful job I thought he had done and that I know how much he loved his country. And I was pleased when I got a letter back from him which I really think was written by him personally, not by his staff."

Jimmy's foreign policy

Some experts from outside the Carter inner circle who lent their advice to the campaign give this picture of its foreign policy making process:

- The candidate's original guru, Columbia professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, had to fight to keep his favorite phrase—"world order"—in Carter's briefing book for the foreign policy debate. Others complained the phrase was too similar to Kissinger's balance-of-power policy. Brzezinski also battled to include a pledge to "bring freedom to the people of Eastern Europe." Against his wishes, a qualifier was added: "consonant with the legitimate interests of the Soviet Union."
- It was Carter's own idea to invite former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger to brief him—and it apparently wasn't just a symbolic sop to the right. According to one inside source, "Carter told Schlesinger he agreed that détente was dangerous. I just hope he didn't mean it."
- Insiders differ on whether Carter really agrees with the hardliners on these and other foreign policy issues. Issues director Stu Eizenstat continues to assure liberals that Carter is, in his heart, one of them. Another aide disagrees: "Carter couldn't care less about the merits. What he wanted to know was what [Pat] Caddell [and his polls] said." Yet another asserts that Carter's pledge not to intervene in a possible Yugoslavian crisis was based not on any discussions with foreign policy advisers, but on Caddell's polls—which showed a majority against intervention.



WIDE WORLD

Brzezinski, Eizenstat and Carter: wrangling over the briefing book

Blocking a boomerang

Some members of Carter's issues staff came to feel increasingly cut off from the candidate, and chagrined by the highly personal, non-issue-oriented tone of the campaign.

They expressed their worries in a cover memo to the briefing books for the final debate, which was given to Carter on October 17. It pleaded with the candidate to de-emphasize personal attacks on Ford, noting that Carter's own polls showed (that his claims after the second debate that Ford was "worse than Nixon" and that he had been "brainwashed") had backfired. By stirring up sympathy for Ford, the comments had limited what would otherwise have been a handsome gain over Ford's Eastern Europe blooper.

Carter, the memo continued, should emphasize the economy and go after the Republican Party's record rather than Ford's personality.

The memo-writers worried that Carter might be too anxious and combative to restrain himself. But the next day he called a press conference in Plains and announced an end to personal attacks.

Southern discomfort

Talk of the Georgia Statehouse: Governor George Busbee's plan to abolish the Department of Human Resources, the centerpiece of Carter's Georgia reorganization, which was once headed by Atlanta lawyer Jack Watson, now the director of Carter's transition team. To avoid embarrassing Carter, Busbee postponed the execution until after the election.

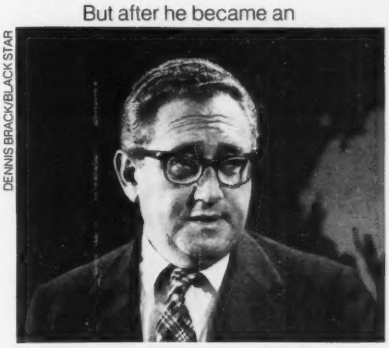
Kissing off

The polls still wavered, but Henry Kissinger had decided that Jerry Ford's lease on the White House was up. So, *realpolitik*ally, Henry began to rebuild a bridge he'd long since burned.

That's the reading some foreign policy insiders made of Kissinger's surprise October 19 appearance at a staff cocktail party at New York's prestigious Council on Foreign Relations.

Prior to 1969, Kissinger had used the Council's Park Avenue town house as his New York platform, stepping stone, cocktail lounge and dining hall. Devoted secretaries typed his manuscripts, and the house organ, *Foreign Affairs*, published his article on the Vietnam negotiations—which landed him a job in the Nixon White House.

But after he became an international superstar, Kissinger cut the Council dead. He refused to attend a single Council meeting after becoming Secretary of State, held the organization up to ridicule in the course of a Phoenix press conference, and sent a low-ranking aide to attend one Council meeting—which are closed to all but staff and members. The aide was sent packing back to Washington and told that if Henry wanted to know what was happening inside the Council, he might consider answering Council invitations himself.



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Kissinger: all smiles for the Council

The final blow came last summer, when Kissinger walked past one prominent Council member, whom he had kept waiting in his State Department anteroom for 45 minutes, without even shaking hands. "The Secretary could not be late for his luncheon with Elizabeth Taylor," the insulted visitor was told. No alternate appointment was ever granted.

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Then last month, according to one person present, "Kissinger was all smiles, remembering secretaries' names, patting on the back people he has snubbed for five years. He even stopped to chat with the telephonist." When one staffer remarked sarcastically, "You've come a long way, baby," Kissinger kept smiling and pretended not to hear.

Council members are said now to fear that they once again will be subjected to what one called "Henry's interminable Germanic monologues." But a few of them hope to escape—by getting jobs with the new administration in Washington themselves.

The saga of Orlando Bosch (*NT*: October 29)

The case of the anti-Castro terrorist leader whose network reportedly extends from Miami deep into Latin America has taken its most bizarre turn.

Amid widespread speculation about Orlando Bosch's involvement in both the September 21 car-bomb slaying in Washington of former Chilean ambassador Orlando Letelier and the October 6 crash of a Cuban airline jet that claimed the lives of all 73 persons aboard, Venezuelan authorities suddenly announced the arrest of the 49-year-old Miami pediatrician and old CIA hand on October 14. Since then, the veil of intrigue around Bosch has begun lifting, threatening to implicate the CIA, FBI, Miami-based Cuban exiles and high-ranking officials of Venezuela and Chile.

It all began when Caracas police rounded up 14 anti-Castro Cubans—including Bosch and Venezuela's own former security chief—and accused them of involvement in a terrorist ring responsible for the Letelier assassination and the Cuban plane sabotage. Further attacks in the U.S. and six Latin nations were said to have been planned.

The next day, speaking at a mass funeral rally in Havana for the Cuban plane crash victims, Castro accused the CIA of backing a campaign that had resulted in nine incidents against Cuban diplomatic missions and its national airline since April 6. Therefore, he announced, he was canceling the 1973 Cuba-U.S. anti-hijacking agreement. Castro also named a Venezuelan photographer, Hernando Ricardo, as a CIA agent who had forecast the Cuban airliner's destruction. Henry Kissinger promptly denied any U.S. complicity.

In Trinidad, where the ill-fated Cuban flight originated, the plot thickened when local authorities did arrest Hernando Ricardo and a second suspect. Ricardo reportedly admitted planting the bomb in the airliner. In his notebook were the telephone numbers of the American ambassador to Venezuela and Joe Leo, an FBI agent stationed in Caracas, whom the U.S. embassy confirmed had been in contact with Ricardo. Meanwhile, back in Venezuela, two Cuban exile brothers were identified as primary suspects in the Letelier killing.

Then, on October 22, three U.S. journalists arrived in Venezuela on the same plane with a group of Florida police and prosecutors. One of the journalists—Hilda Inclan of the Miami *News*—recognized a man greeting the Florida officials as Ricardo (The Monkey) Morales Navarrette—a former CIA agent and FBI informant in Miami who is today the number-two man in Venezuela's intelligence service.

WIDE WORLD

Anti-Castro terror: police with the body of a passenger on the bombed plane

When the reporters tried to interview Morales—addressing him by his true name—in front of his fellow security officers, he became outraged and placed them under house arrest. After being held incommunicado for 10 hours, Inclan, Taylor Branch of *Esquire* and free-lancer John Rothschild were forceably expelled from Venezuela and placed on flights back to Miami. Branch flew on to Washington to meet with State Department officials and prepare a written formal protest. (The Venezuelan government denied the American journalists' charges.)

Nobody was talking about how Morales—and a number of other anti-Castro Cubans—happened to land such high positions in the Venezuelan government, but this much seemed clear: the Morales affair, like all the rest, focused finally on Orlando Bosch. Morales, a former CIA operative against Cuba and in the Congo, had turned into the key prosecution witness in Bosch's 1968 trial and conviction for firing a bazooka at a Polish freighter in Miami. Then, around the time Bosch jumped parole and fled the U.S. in 1974, Morales blamed Bosch for a car bomb that nearly claimed his life.

Bosch went on to head a Coordination of the United Revolutionary Organizations (CORU), which is believed responsible for most of the international wave of anti-Cuban terrorism. Until recently, Bosch had been in Chile, where he has close ties to the right-wing military junta. Some Miami sources say that Morales lured Bosch to Venezuela to arrest him, while others claim that Morales had made peace with Bosch.

Meanwhile Bosch's fate remains up in the air. He was arrested once before in Venezuela, only to gain release and resume his hemispheric wandering. Latin American governments are said to fear retribution if he is treated harshly. Representatives of five Caribbean governments, including Cuba, have assembled in Trinidad to discuss jurisdiction (the U.S. has sought his extradition on the parole-jumping charge).

Guarded by heavily-armed security men, Bosch appeared October 22 in a Venezuelan courtroom to deny any involvement in the airplane sabotage or the Letelier murder. As cries of "assassin" echoed outside, Bosch was asked if he was a CIA agent. He declined to answer.

—Dick Russell

Mind & Body

Beyond loose shoes

A U.S. foot surgeon has returned from a 16-year stint in India and Africa convinced that going barefoot protects feet. The surgeon, Paul Brand, acknowledges that people have to wear shoes to work, but he says if Americans went barefoot at home they probably would never develop corns, bunions, hammer toes, athlete's foot, or ingrown toenails—afflictions he found nonexistent in barefoot populations overseas.

Brand, who teaches orthopedic surgery at Louisiana State, told last month's American College of Surgeons meeting in Chicago that a "shod foot sleeps inside an unchanging environment and gradually loses its sensitivity, mobility and intrinsic muscle strength. The average person who walks barefoot has much healthier,

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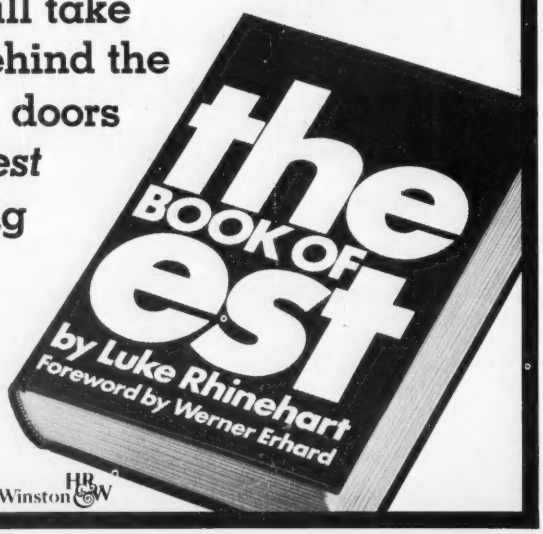

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more resilient feet than the average person who wears shoes."

Brand adds that bare feet are also good protection for the ankle. "A bare foot instantly registers and adjusts to loose rocks or other impediments on the walking surface; the shod foot reacts too slowly and the result can be a twisted or broken ankle."

Speedy sterilization

A California surgeon has streamlined the vasectomy into a 10-minute procedure that requires no anesthetic stronger than aspirin. The secret: an incision so small—less than one-tenth of an inch—that no stitching of the ultrasensitive scrotum is necessary. The operation is so minor that most of his patients get up from the table and drive home.

Dr. William Moss has performed his quickie vasectomy on 1,500 men, none of whom have subsequently reported causing a pregnancy. The big catch of vasectomies remains: the operation isn't reversible.

Heart attack machine

It's well established that high cholesterol levels in the blood indicate a danger of heart attack. So doctors have long advised people with high cholesterol levels to cut down their intake of fatty foods. But it's never been fully proven that dietary cholesterol really turns into deadly blood cholesterol—which suggests to skeptics that fat-free diets are an unpleasant waste of time.

Now a British doctor has attacked the cholesterol problem head on. At London's Hammersmith Hospital, Dr. Gilbert Thompson has been using a unique blood transfusion machine for two years now on seven patients genetically predisposed to accumulate cholesterol. For several hours every two or three weeks, the patient's blood is slowly transfused through the device, which separates blood cells from blood plasma, returns the cells to the patient, and then replaces the cholesterol-clogged plasma with a donor's plasma, cleansed of cholesterol. The procedure is an ordeal, but the patient's cholesterol level plummets by at least 50 percent and his angina (chest pain) disappears, because his coronary arteries can supply his heart with more blood.

The big question is whether the costly method will lead to a permanent widening of the diameter of the arteries by dissolving cholesterol deposits on artery walls. If it does, Thompson says, the technique would have "tremendous application" for victims of coronary artery disease, the precursor to heart attacks. — *Larry Frederick*

Bogus brawn

Athletes who take anabolic steroids to enhance performance may be risking elimination from competition for nothing. Over a 12-week training period in weight lifting, six young British men were given the potent drugs, which are synthetic versions of the male sex hormone testosterone, and six others were given indistinguishable placebos. It turned out that both groups gained almost exactly the same in strength. The men on steroids did grow bigger muscles—but the extra bulk was mostly water. Ironically, while the steroids made the young men *look* more he-manish, in fact their testosterone levels fell sharply.

Seventies

Home-grown Nazis

Can you imagine making friends with a Nazi?

For Walter Parkes, a long-haired, liberal 25-year-old filmmaker who moonlights as Loretta's guitarist on *Mary Hartman*, it was just part of the job. Documentary filmmakers routinely face the challenge of establishing rapport with their subjects, and Parkes and his partner, Keith Critchlow, 31, had chosen the

From The California Reich: *an ordinary kitchen, a Swastika-festooned cake*

American Nazi Party to film. That gave the problem a funny twist. After building up trust with Nazi leader Allen Vincent—to Parkes, "a very lonely guy"—and thus winning entry into other Nazi households in northern California, "we came to like some of them. We would be drinking beer with Vincent," Parkes recalls, "and having a good time. Then all of a sudden he would make some incredible racist remark, and I would think, 'Oh my God, what am I doing *liking* this guy?' "

The result of their work: *The California Reich*, a blood-curdling hour-long look at a bizarre part of the American landscape (for Richard Corliss' view of the film, see his column on page 68). Although the movie is in some ways sympathetic to its subjects, Parkes doesn't think it will serve as a recruiting film. "The reason a lot of these guys are Nazis is that they like the image that Hollywood projected—macho, well-organized, sexually potent, very effective. Which is just the opposite of what they are."

Pot shots

The scene: a $15 per head fundraiser the evening of Oct. 21 for NORML, the marijuana-legalization lobby, at the posh Park Avenue apartment of Diana Bonner Lewis, an elderly liberal and inveterate fundraiser-giver whose interest in legal grass relates to her grandkids. The characters: an assortment of wealthy New York coat-and-tie liberals, intermixed with the motley, countercultural gang from *High Times*, the magazine of dope—and chief backer of NORML.

Action: discreet cocktail-partying. Cut to the dining

"Somewhere between the escargot and the expresso I got a burning desire to go back to my place. Alone."

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room, where *High Times* founding father Tom Forcade and a friend put their feet up and light some candles which appear not to have been lit in recent decades. Cut to another room, where some counterculturalists begin . . . *rolling joints!* Close-up on the hostess, agitated, repeatedly suggesting that Mr. Forcade and friends should leave, grasping his arm to emphasize the point, warning that the police could be summoned.

Enter the butler, J.J., a dead ringer for Sammy Davis Jr. He drops his tray and dives across two people to Mrs. Lewis' rescue. It is a blur, and observers will differ on whether Forcade or J.J. throws the first punch. Other minor altercations break out. The *High Times* expeditionary force flees for the door, and is outside in 30 seconds, with stragglers following.

The reviews start to come in: to a *High Times*person, "It was the highlight of the week." To Keith Stroup, National Director of NORML, it was an unfortunate if "stereotypical clash of cultures." To Mrs. Lewis, in the calm of the next day, "It was rather amusing." But in one perception she had not wavered: "That young man," she opined, "must have been from a deprived home."

Taking Care of Business

Winning hearts and minds in the office

The secret of happiness and virtue is liking what you've got to do. All conditioning aims at that: making people like their inescapable social destiny.

—Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

You just got back to work after a two-week vacation, and something doesn't feel right. The pace of the office seems a lot faster than before. You look around. Christ! Everyone's tapping toes in unison to the beat of the piped-in Muzak. Your eyes quickly dart from face to face. Jeez! They all have ear-to-ear smile-button grins.

What's happening, kiddo? While you were vacationing, your fellow workers were getting their first dose of psychological conditioning. Chances are it won't be their last, because mind control techniques are the coming thing in major U.S. corporations.

A recent issue of a trade publication for top management touted the virtues of one such technique, behavior modification, which is already being applied in some departments of such companies as Emery Air Freight, Questor and Sohio.

The father of behavior modification is Harvard Professor B.F. Skinner, who long ago taught pigeons to play Ping-Pong and to serve as quality control inspectors for a drug company. From such humble beginnings spring the wonders of modern life, and behavior mod is now increasingly seen as an important tool for stimulating greater employee productivity in the future.

Writing in the prestigious *Conference Board Record*, Robert Lazer boils the rather complicated jargon of behavior modification down to its basic underlying principle: "Individuals tend to repeat those behaviors which resulted in favorable consequences for them, and avoid repeating those behaviors which resulted in unpleasant consequences. So, to modify an employee's behavior, proper control or manipulation of the resulting environmental consequences is required."

In other words, if Pavlov's dog can learn it, so can you.

Corporate managers are busy experimenting with all sorts of psychological training and conditioning in their drive to win the minds and hearts of the workers. Take, for example, this recent program conducted by Ohio Bell Telephone Co.:

Concerned over low employee morale and output, company officials decided to apply some future shock therapy. Ushering groups of 15 to 20 employees at a time into a small conference room, managers then turned out the lights and let the employees watch a series of simulated television news broadcasts showing the complete economic collapse of their company right before their eyes. Stunned employees, according to Dr. Lee P. Coyle, division information manager, would then invariably react to the broadcasts by asking "What can we do?" That response is just what the visual communication center of Ohio Bell had hoped for.

How successful is this type of shock therapy? Translated into dollars and cents, the Southwestern Ohio Bell plant alone estimates a savings of $29 million during the first year of the experiment: worker productivity jumped nearly 10 percent.

Of course, if behavior modification and other psychological techniques fail, there is always the watchful eye of Big Brother. In Chicago's Southside, a food processing plant has installed 35 television cameras on the factory floor to monitor the activity of over 450 workers. From a central command center, management keeps detailed charts on every move of the workers to find out who is goofing off on the job or working too slowly, and to make sure an employee isn't taking a leak or making a phone call without first securing the required travel pass.

If, despite all this, productivity still lags, there is always the final solution: robots! They're predictable, efficient; they never join a union and they require no coffee breaks. "Who can afford to be without them," asks the headline in a recent industry trade journal. General Motors already has over 200 robots busying themselves on the assembly line and other major industrial firms are following suit. A market study by Frost & Sullivan, Inc. predicts a 35 percent per year growth rate in the sale of robots and a market reaching $1.1 billion by 1985.

Behavior modification, future shock therapy, TV surveillance, robots . . . . Who says nothing interesting ever happens down at the shop? —*Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard*

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Chaplin in Modern Times: *what could behavior mod wizards have done to him?*

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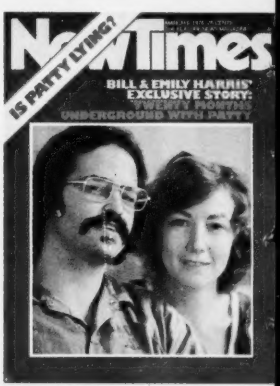

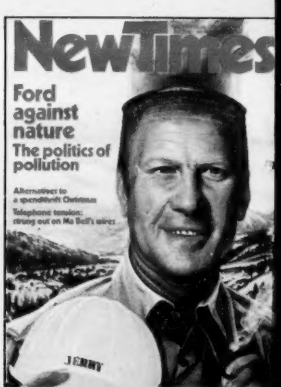

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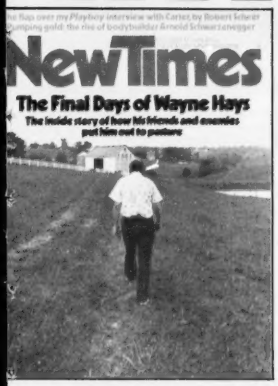

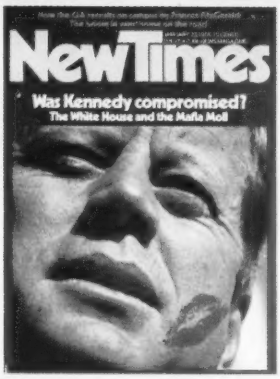

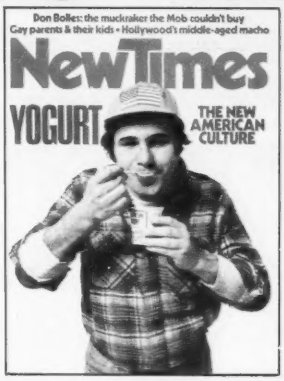
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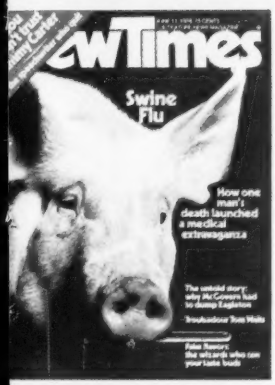

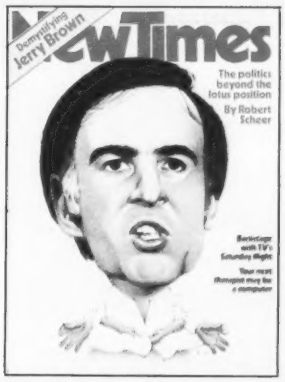

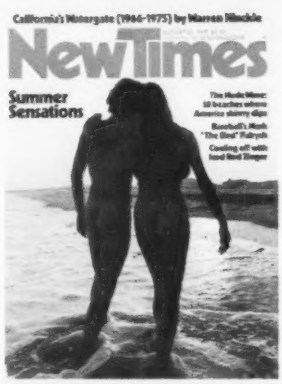

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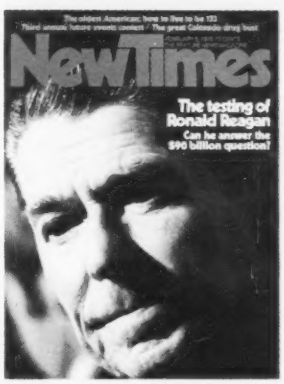
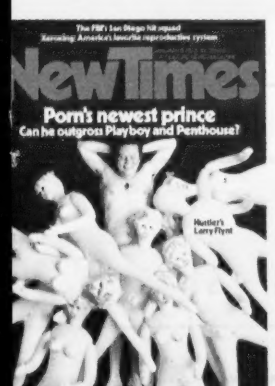
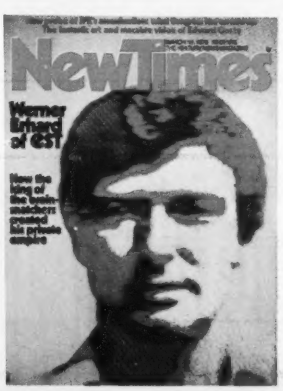
"VERY HEAVY."







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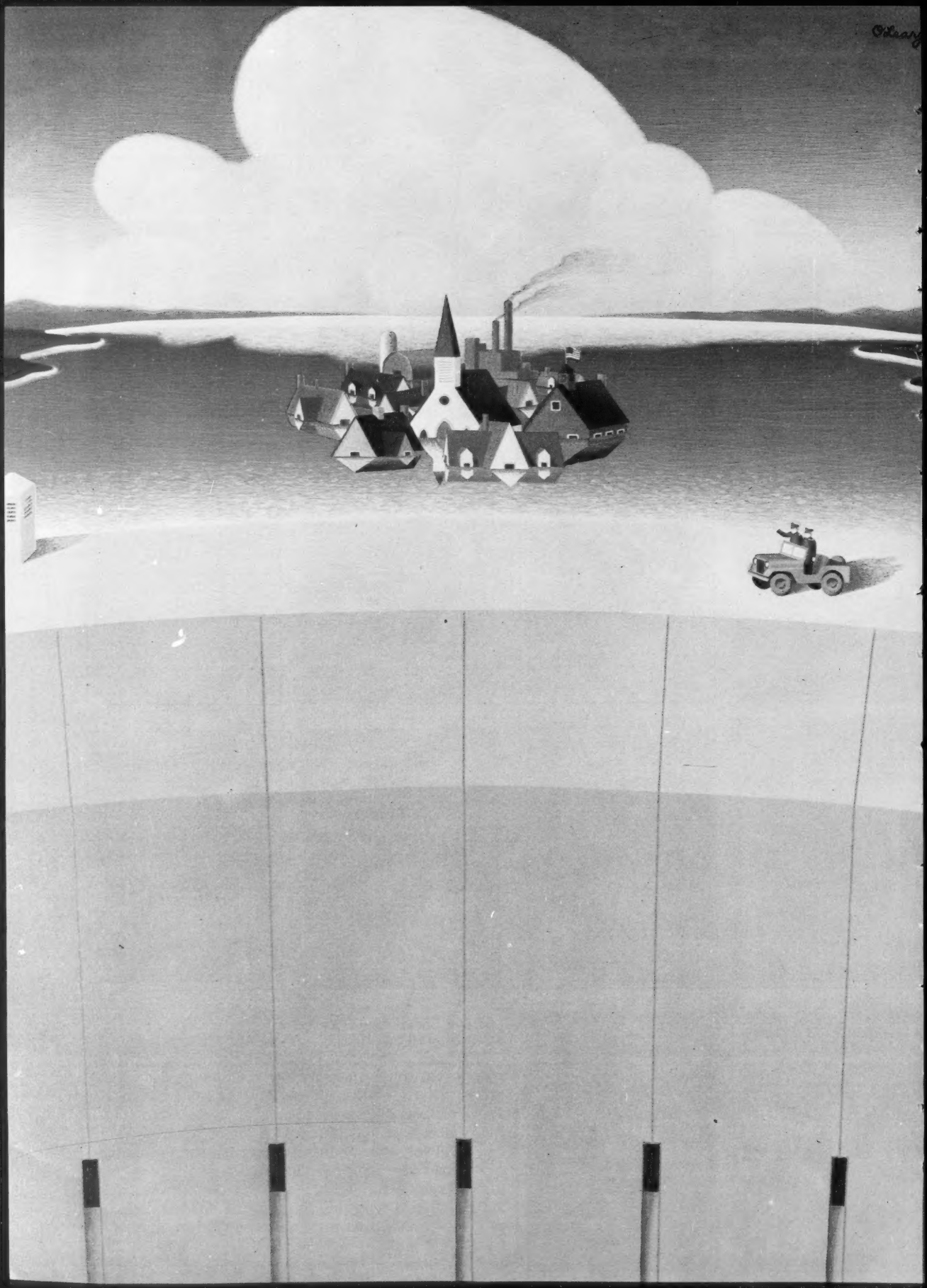


THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS: FLOODING AMERICA IN ORDER TO SAVE IT

The ever-expanding Corps thinks of itself as the Big Levee, standing between us and the waters of retribution. But it more closely resembles a giant bulldozer out of control, burying villages, disfiguring the landscape and possibly bringing closer the very floods it is meant to prevent

By Michael Parfit

Water. The blood of nourishment, the knife that builds and destroys; the magic element that binds the classic four—earth, water, air and fire, the subject of more range wars and poems than should be remembered. But in this nation, where distrust of military control is as traditional as independence, the agency with the most power over how and where we use our water is a branch of the armed forces that former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas once called public enemy number one, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Like a sandbar growing under a muddy river, the Corps of Engineers has built grain upon grain of authority into an empire of power on which we all, sooner or later, may run aground. Like the sandbar, the Corps is not a flamboyant presence; it works with the quiet serenity of confidence. Few people even know what it is, but it touches every life. Consider its reach.

Across the dry-grass country of eastern Washington, a barrel-bellied fish truck runs a 270-mile route along what used to be the Columbia River, hauling the last young chinook salmon to the sea. Here is the remnant of what was once the grandest drama of nature, the annual return of 40-pound sea monsters to the mountain creeks where they were born. Their ancestors, seen in Idaho's Lemhi River, 800 miles from the coast, once encouraged a pair of weary travelers, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, to continue west. But a century and a half later the linear efficiency of Lewis and Clark's own branch, the Corps of Engineers, has so changed the basic nature of the Columbia and Snake rivers that young salmon, longing for salt water and finding nitrogen poisoning instead, have to be bused downstream.

On the coast of Alabama, in the thriving port of Mobile, a 96-foot diesel patrol boat mutters slowly down a grey-water channel. On one shore a crew of cranes picks over dead warships, and on the other the huge green skeleton of a stacker-reclaimer towers above a mound of Alabama coal. Among the docks welders hiss and sparkle, and the air is full of the sound of horns and hammering. Tugs push tows of barges, six at a time, each full of coal, gravel, grain or oyster shells; a ship loaded with bananas creeps up the channel. On the boat a young representative of the Alabama State Docks smiles at all the activity. "We're the biggest, most influential industry in the state," he boasts. "And we're basing all our expansion on the construction of the Tennessee-Tombigbee waterway." Which is being built by the Corps of Engineers.

In a green field in Missouri, a young woman of 24, wearing a bikini, deepens a tan while baling hay on her 500-acre farm. In this Ozark valley she is a rare sign of youth and hope; all around her other farms deteriorate, paint on clapboard houses wrinkles with age and flakes away, because this valley has been under the shadow of a proposed dam for 30 years, and when you know your land is destined to be flooded, the spirit you draw from it dies. Like everyone else, the young woman knows about the dam, but she fights its demoralizing effect with activity. Two years ago she even replaced her outhouse with indoor plumbing. Her neighbors are less sanguine. "What's the use?" they say; the dam is being built by the Corps of Engineers, and the Corps seldom loses.

On Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, a man gazes out across his shorefront property, past the harbor waters at the narrow neck of sand he and his fellow conservationists have saved from developers, and wonders when—and if—permission will ever come through to install a folding aluminum dock he bought for an inboard motorboat. Both dock and boat have been in storage for over a year, waiting on Corps officers hundreds of miles away in Boston to determine the dock's impact on navigation. "I feel a little like Kafka wrestling a paper octopus," the conservationist muses. "How did the Army come to have the last word in matters *this* small?"

In a 100-year-old home in the garden district of New Orleans, in a high-ceilinged living room whose shuttered windows let in cool layers of light from a hot day, a bearded, balding English professor worries about a swamp with the melodious name of Atchafalaya. This great breeding-nesting-multiplying patch of muck at the bottom of the Mississippi basin, boiling with life, is scheduled to be turned into a channel in the name of flood control. What strikes the professor on his wry bone is that the channel may, by draining parts of the swamp, allow people to build pretty, low, ranch-style homes in an area designated as a floodway, into which the excess waters of the Mississippi will one day be diverted, sure as fate. "Either there's something wrong with my logic or there is something wrong with their logic," he says rhetorically, confident of himself. "They," of course, are the Corps' engineers.

In a large lecture hall at Idaho State University in Pocatello, Idaho, a dozen ranchers and farmers listen as a man in a green suit with silver eagles on his lapels explains a new program. What it means is this, he tells them: we will now have the authority over all kinds of development in the nation which involve moving earth in and around water. This means we will control the construction of bridges, channels, canals, culverts, dams, dikes, docks, landfills; almost everything to do with the relationship of water and earth except irrigation itself. You will have to come to us for permission. Is that clear? The man in the green suit—a colonel in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers—leans forward as if to stress his sincerity, and speaks the favored word of the Corps, invested by now with an ominous ring: "But," he says, "we will be *reasonable*."

What, exactly, is this reasonable agency with all this quiet power? In common usage, "The Corps" means the Civil Works Branch of the Army Corps of Engineers, which includes a military construction and combat arm. The Civil Works Branch is an organization of about 30,000 civilian technicians directed by about 300 Army officers. Since the officers float back and forth between the military and civil sides of the Corps, most of those now in charge of Corps activities served in command positions in Vietnam. The Corps does not actually build its facilities—the jobs are contracted out—but it designs them and supervises their construction and, most importantly, it is also responsible for evaluating the projects it proposes. It is this self-supporting capacity, plus the mutually satisfying relationship between the Corps and Congress, that has permitted the Corps to grow almost at will from a small agency with $75,000 to spend in 1824 to today's mammoth. In fiscal 1977 the Corps will spend almost $2.5 billion, much of it on projects that are destructive, wasteful and, possibly, dangerous.

The Corps' most visible responsibilities are its public works projects—dams, barge canals and flood channels—but it is also involved in flood plain analysis and management, emergency flood relief and cleanup, hydrological research, harbor maintenance, recreation and regulation. Although Corps statistics are impressive—it has built over 400 reservoirs, 25,000 miles of inland and intracoastal waterways, 750 large and small harbors, and 16,000 miles of flood control levees, flood walls and channels—the story they tell is too sterile to show the Corps' full impact. The Corps is, more simply, the nation's largest engineering agency, the nation's largest recreation agency, the nation's largest dam-building agency, and the agency most responsible for what the face of America, reflected in her waters, will look like in 50 years. Yet even this kind of description does not properly describe the influence of the Corps: the only way to begin to understand is to see it at work.

In fiscal 1977, the Corps will spend almost $2.5 billion, much of it on projects that are destructive, wasteful and, possibly, dangerous

The basic Corps of Engineers unit is the district, of which there are 38, covering the nation. This is the gut level, the place where everything happens. One of the Corps' greatest assets—or liabilities, depending on whom you talk to—is the autonomy of the individual districts.

"We have an awful lot of independent authority in the field," Brigadier General Drake Wilson, the Corps' deputy director for civil works and a former district engineer himself, told me in Washington. "So the district engineer can set the whole tone of the organization. You just kind of feel free like you can do what you want to do. It's a wonderful job."

"What the hell that really means," said a Corps critic, Oliver Houck, general counsel for the National Wildlife Federation, "is that they're running an organization they don't control."

One of the districts is headquartered in St. Louis, Missouri. There, on a stifling summer day, I found myself in an elegant room while two Corps PR men, Kenneth Long and Mel Doernhoefer, pummeled me with information on one of their projects, Meramec Park Lake, a reservoir just being started about 65 miles southwest of St. Louis. It was a strange experience, a disturbing introduction to the reasonableness of the Corps of Engineers.

In the twilight of the big room, the two men showed me slides of trash on the Meramec River, insinuated that it was caused by canoeing recreation, and promised their dam would eliminate such littering. They told me that Meramec River floods cost an average of $3 million a year and then gave me a report that claimed the dam, which offers only partial flood protection, would provide annual flood control benefits of $4,245,000. They boasted that the lake would draw 3.8 million visitors a year and introduced me to a recreation specialist who, when asked where all those people will come from, answered, "these are latent people who, right now, barbecue in their back yards or swim in the county pool." The figures, he admitted, were based on studies made in 1961.

The statistics went on without relief. Then Long and Doernhoefer started to talk about caves, and I remembered with pleasure a visit of the day before to the silent depths of Onandaga Cave, which would be flooded by the dam.

Onandaga Cave is among the most magnificent caves in the United States, and you wander through it entranced. In vast, cool spaces arms of stone reach up and down for each other as if in patient yearning, and drops of water tap you on the shoulder like children whom you can never find. A small stream, the Lost River, flows through the cave, its waterfalls amplified by canopies of onyx and its reflections, in the semi-dark, giving an impression of endless depth. But today, high above your head in many of the rooms, are small red lines, lines that mark the eventual surface of Meramec Park Lake.

My reverie about Onandaga was interrupted by the penetrating voice of Kenneth Long. The beauty of the cave, he was saying, would be enhanced by putting most of it under the reservoir's fluctuating pool. "Some of the rooms already have water in them," he said. "It's better that way." As he spoke, Long tore small pieces off a Styrofoam cup, which squeaked in his short fingers

like a mouse in pain.

Two days earlier I had talked to a big, red-bearded man of 34 named Don Rimback who has self-educated himself in the dynamics of Missouri's caves with the passion of a fanatic. He had explained the significance of Onandaga Cave: it is a symbol of the geology of the Meramec Dam region, which is as holey as an old tin bucket.

"There are nine miles of surveyed cave passages within three miles of the dam site," Rimback had said. "These things are *railroad* tunnels." The Corps, Rimback had said, had failed to fully explore known caves in the dam abutments, and is asking for, at least, cost overruns which would give its benefit-cost ratios the significance of confetti. Speaking with the anger and frustration of a man forced to watch his daughter raped, Rimback had compared Meramec to Teton Dam, a Bureau of Reclamation project whose failure may be partly blamed on abutment fissures far smaller than the ones he sees at Meramec.

And now, as I listened to Doernhoefer rebut: "We have found no formations which could not be handled by engineering techniques," I felt a prickle of apprehension. It was the power of the net these men were weaving, not with lies, but with distortions; the power to mislead and to confuse.

Kenneth Long, smiling as warm as an Ozark Cave salamander, explained that the first thing the Corps did with money appropriated for the dam was to build a $1.5-million visitor center. This center (which cost as much taxpayer money as a good rural school and whose only purpose was to promote the controversial dam) came complete, he added, preening environmentalist feathers, with a tertiary sewage treatment system. And look, he said, showing a slide of a shake-roofed building standing in a grove above the 12,600 acres of forest and meadows the dam would flood, "When we built it we saved the trees."

On Kenneth Long's desk stood a small statue of a fist, its middle finger raised to the public in an unmistakable salute.

A few days later, I floated part of the Meramec River, and began to understand a bit of the motivation which leads to such relentless pursuit of projects like Meramec Park Lake. There's the money, of course, the maintenance of Corps' and contractors' jobs, but there's something more, which involves the old antagonistic relationship between humanity and nature, and the desire for power.

The Meramec is a gentle stream, shallow enough in most places to walk across, yellowish green and murky, not with silt but with phytoplankton. For a languid half day I floated and paddled down 10 miles, in and out of sun and shade and cool water, past pale limestone cliffs and the hidden mouths of caves, and always with an eerie sense of trespassing on condemned ground, of dancing with a ghost. I became disoriented: this natural world no longer symbolized the long, steady throw of time, the continuity of the earth's pace that has always soothed with its perspective. It was reversed: I would outlive the river. But there was another reaction in me, more disturbing than this shuffling of destiny: I found myself strangely fascinated with wondering what the scene would look like when it was the bottom of a lake, peeled of sycamore and alder and drowned in cold, green darkness. I once saw the remains of a village revealed by low water in another Corps lake, the stone buildings grey with algae, silt piled in the yards and bedrooms like volcanic ash or fallout, and now, floating the Meramec in thick green forest, with smallmouth bass darting away from the canoe's shadow, I began to drown in that image of power.

How would it be, I wondered, to be able to draw a small line in pencil on the tablecloth of the earth; let's see, right about *here*, and create, from a river, a 12,600-acre lake? Magnificent! What an art: rich with function, heavy with dimension and importance, monumental in duration. You cannot belittle the men of the Corps of Engineers, even with their own figures; this is water they manipulate. Like no one else, they have their fingers on the pulse of geologic time, the ability to apply the tourniquet or the leech.

And as I drifted on the river, that power backed up against my mind, the pressure building. In spite of all the consequences, if I were here, and had the chance—the stones and soil to draw across the flood—would I even hesitate to move to change the world? Bring on the cats, the scrapers, the chains to tear the woods apart! Let me watch what I can do, watch as the spadefuls gather, as the water stalls and sighs and bubbles, and as the logs collect in the corners like straw, like sawdust in the river's eye.

Meramec Park Lake, which will be the subject of a referendum early next year, is a glimpse of the Corps which, however enlightening, remains just a small piece of a large puzzle. In its entirety the Corps is an intimidating subject; its roots show up in too many pipes and sewer lines. This spring the Corps reported to Congress that 63 Corps projects were involved in various kinds of court action. It follows that most Corps conflicts, like the Meramec Park Lake controversy, are intensely local, and that few individuals are watching, opposing, or supporting the entire national scope of the Civil Works Branch. This works to the Corps' advantage: in 1971, for instance, while environmentalists were praising Richard Nixon for stopping the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, Nixon was

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

Corpsmen at work: by studying this detailed model of the Mississippi River at Vicksburg, Miss., engineers hope to learn the way of water to tame it forever.

approving the construction of the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, a similar Corps project in Mississippi and Alabama.

So it is important to look at the Corps not only on its most intimate levels, down in the districts, but also in its broadest implications. The Corps' significance may be most sharply appreciated out on the cutting edge of its projects, but its power, influence and durability are based on its organic functions and alliances, not on the success or failure of one or two dams.

One of the Corps' most significant functions is its responsibility for flood control. The devastating Mississippi and Ohio river basin floods of the late 1920s and early '30s resulted in a series of laws which made the Corps our flood control agency, setting up much of the power it holds today. Almost every Corps project, other than harbor dredging, contains some provisions, and some claimed benefits, for flood control. The Corps is making us all an implied promise of protection; it has become the big levee, stout and concrete hearted, standing between us and the waters of retribution.

The irony is that the levee leaks, and the promise may be false.

In 1973 the Mississippi, in whose basin the Corps has been dredging, leveeing, damming and channelizing longer than anywhere else, reached flood stages higher than those ever recorded, while the actual flow rate was 35 percent less than the previous record, set in 1844. In an August 1975 article in *Science* magazine, C.B. Belt Jr., an associate professor at St. Louis University, charged that "The 1973 flood's record was man-made." Belt blamed the record flood on levees and navigation works, and wrote that "Additional channel constriction and levee building will cause further problems."

The Corps' own brochure, *Flood Plain—Handle With Care*, points out that although "The Federal government has invested over $9 billion in flood control projects since 1936 . . . it is estimated that flood damages have been increasing each year since 1936 and that flood losses now come to almost $2 billion annually." The Corps blames this increase on careless community planning, but others put at least part of the blame back on the shoulders of the Corps' own promise.

"No dam is designed or able to hold all floods," professors Roger W. Findley and Bruce M. Hannon wrote in a paper reprinted in June in the Congressional Record, "but the impression of permanent protection encourages development of downstream areas. When the uncontrollable storm hits, it must be passed through the dam and the built-up flood plain is inundated with resulting high damages."

Dams, magnificent monuments that they are, may permanently change the face of the earth, but in terms of flood protection they are relatively short-term ventures, mainly because they are constantly filling with silt. The rate at which they become useless varies with the silt load of the river they plug, but some reservoirs, claims Raphael G. Kazmann, a noted hydrological engineer at Louisiana State University, are losing as much as one-eighth of their capacity every 50 years. What this means is not that we'll suddenly be looking at a silt plain where once there was a lake, but just that the reservoir's capacity to handle extreme floods is steadily diminished, leading with certainty to the day when the storm of the century comes boiling over the dam. Surprise!

"Under any circumstances,"

How would it be, I wondered, to be able to draw a small line in pencil on the tablecloth of the earth; let's see, right about *here,* and create a 12,600-acre lake? Magnificent!

Kazmann writes, "there would seem to be an element of entrapment by the federal construction of projects that purport to reduce or eliminate floods permanently. . . . A . . . parallel might be drug addiction—which gives the addict the temporary illusion of power and well-being, requires ever-increasing doses to maintain the feeling, and finally destroys him physically."

But the Corps remains addicted for two reasons. First, it has been promising flood protection for so long that the public believes it; certainly much of the nation's economic development would have proceeded differently and perhaps not as fast if the Corps had not been saying, in the words of Oliver Houck, "You can build in the wetlands, guys, because we're here." Look at New Orleans, dozing in the sun below the lip of the Mississippi, waiting for the 200-year flood that could come tomorrow. Second, since the Corps has not been blamed for the inevitable floods that disregard its structures or are partially caused by them, it has been able to say, again in Houck's words, "Well, My God, think what it would have been if we weren't here." Because of this win-either-way approach, which Houck calls " a wonderful doublespeak in 1984 terms," whenever a new flood catastrophy occurs, the public comes clamoring to the Corps.

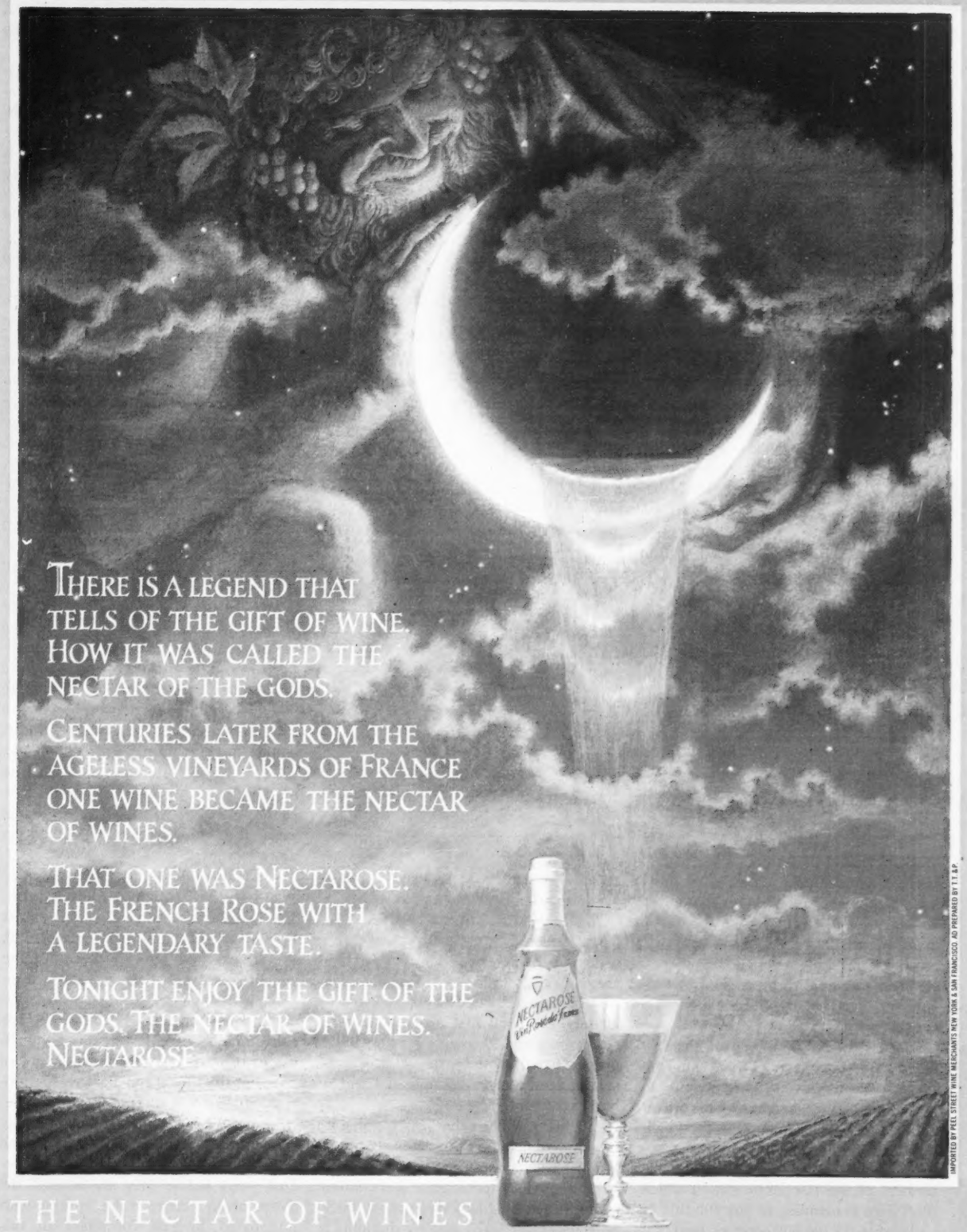
So, as of last spring's report to Congress, the Corps was building 69 flood control reservoirs and 76 local protection projects, at a total estimated cost of $7.4 billion.

None of these flood control projects involves the production of electricity from falling water, which is another major Corps function. In addition to the projects mentioned above, the Corps is building 28 hydroelectric dams, at a total estimated cost of $5.7 billion.

Such dams are usually considered multi-purpose structures, providing, for instance, flood control and recreation as well as power, and relying on all purposes to come up with a favorable benefit-cost ratio. Although the same hydrological problems associated with flood control dams exist on power dams, you can legitimately argue that from a pure pollution standpoint falling water beats coal or plutonium as a source of power. The problem is that we have already used up most of our best hydropower sites, so the trend in hydropower construction is to build pump-storage reservoirs that actually offer a net loss of power for the convenience of meeting peak power demands. The economics of hydropower dams also require that you justify them with other purposes or you come up with something grossly uneconomical. Often, purposes that mesh on paper conflict in practice.

For proper flood control, for instance, you want to maintain a lake at relatively low levels, which lowers the power production, but for recreation you want to have a lake neither as high as the power potential demands or as low as optimum flood control demands. In addition, a recreation lake should have a nice, consistent shoreline, but meeting peak power demands requires a fluctuating water level that creates muck banks and discourages spawning fish. Adjusting just these three purposes requires the coordinated hand and timing of a juggler, but the Corps frequently throws an anvil into the act: navigation.

Navigation is the oldest civil works activity, going directly back to the Corps logjam work on the Mississippi. The Corps' current role here is divided between maintaining harbors and sea channels, and building and maintaining a remarkable network of inland waterways which has made seaports out of cities


THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
THE FRENCH ROSE WITH
A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE
GODS. THE NECTAR OF WINES.
NECTAROSE
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THE NECTAR OF WINES

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like Lewiston, Idaho, and Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Corps' harbor-dredging operation is seldom criticized, but its inland waterways are another matter.

Attempting to maintain a constant running channel in a sediment-bearing stream like the lower Mississippi cannot only increase flood problems, but is, as Raphael Kazmann writes, "a systematic attempt to replace the potentially steady state conditions of water and sediment movement by a condition of hydrologic nonequilibrium." Like trying to balance a seal on a ball.

Comparing us to King Canute, who got wet when he commanded the tide to stay out, Kazmann says that no matter how vigorously we legislate the construction and maintenance of river channels, "Political decisions not in accord with the laws of hydrology and geomorphology are sooner or later subject to final reversal by highest authority and appropriate penalties will be paid."

The best example of an ongoing navigation project is the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, which will be a 253-mile long, nine-foot deep barge shortcut from Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico. The Tenn-Tom, as it is nicknamed, belongs to the Corps' Mobile, Alabama, District, which began construction in 1972 and estimates that it will cost at least $1.3 billion. This estimate includes a $545 million overrun last year—incredible if it were not so consistent with Corps history. The Tenn-Tom, which involves more earth moving than did the Panama Canal, is the biggest Corps project now underway.

Down in the small, college town of Starkville, Mississippi, I found Dr. Glenn Clemmer in a room full of dead fish. Clemmer is an ichthyologist, a fish zoologist, and the fish were all specimens in glass jars, stacked to the ceiling of his storeroom on shelves. They gleamed pale gold through isopropyl alcohol and watched us with a million little eyes.

Clemmer, 36, is one of the few down-home opponents of the Tenn-Tom project, but he has begun to acquire allies. He and other members of his organization, CLEAN (Committee for Leaving the Environment of America Natural), have at least managed to persuade farmers of the 12-county area in which the Corps is planning to buy full title or easements on 104,800 acres of land that patriotism doesn't require them to sell out cheap. Since Corps negotiators tend to soften up landowners with handsome verbal offers that can be adjusted at contract time, Clemmer said, CLEAN has persuaded the farmers to carry tape recorders instead of shotguns for protection.

Clemmer would like to see the project killed. As he likes to say, "We can waste $100 million or we can waste $2 billion." But what would you do with the unfinished waterway? He laughed. "Oh, we could get people with shovels and we could do a fantastic hiring job of filling it back in."

Tenn-Tom is as modern a project as you'll find, and the Corps is happy to tell you that it reflects all the latest attitudes. "We were doing most of the design on Tenn-Tom after 1972," said Gen. Wilson, who was Mobile district engineer before his recent rotation to Washington, "so the National Environmental Policy Act was in effect, and new environmental awareness was upon us, so we were trying to do everything as well as we could. I believe we worked hard at it. For instance, we designed buffer zones to hide the disposal areas so the trafficway of the waterway would remain aesthetically pleasing."

The Tenn-Tom is supposed to cost $1.3 billion, but the cost overrun last year was $545 million—incredible if it were not so consistent with Corps history

Among the other items of similar environmental significance, Clemmer pointed out with a kind of sorrowful glee, is that in those earth disposal areas, where the Corps will fill and level off 43 small valleys, the Corps has provided for the seeding of new growth by designing a series of "perch wires." Perch wires are, in Corps words: "Artificial perching sites constructed of posts placed approximately 20 to 50 feet apart with wire strung between. Desirable plants will be propagated under the perch wires as a result of seed that is disseminated within bird excrement."

Meanwhile, Tenn-Tom is going to cause some genuine problems along the lines of Kazmann's analysis. In addition to the obvious ecological devastation wrought by changing a river into a series of slack-water lakes and by dumping a mountain's worth of dirt, the canal is likely to have a profound effect on ground water. An article in the Corps' own magazine, *Water Spectrum*, says that in some areas the water table may be lowered as much as 100 feet, and in others raised so much that "the . . . levels may claim some land now being farmed."

But Tenn-Tom is particularly fascinating for its economics. Congress requires that the Corps prepare a benefit-to-cost analysis of each of its projects, and a project that costs more than it is worth seldom gets funded. But the way the Corps comes up with its figures has been subject to both amused ridicule and attack, and Tenn-Tom is no exception.

Tenn-Tom is not a flood control structure. Nor will it provide hydroelectric power. Instead, by using some Tennessee River water, it will actually reduce power generated by that river downstream. It is purely a navigation channel; other benefits such as recreation are incidental. The primary commodity which will float down the Tenn-Tom to the Gulf will be high-sulfur, strip-mined coal. Here's the kicker: much of that coal will be shipped to Japan.

Since Tenn-Tom does not provide a new, vital service, its benefits are computed on its value as a barge shortcut from Knoxville or Chattanooga to the Gulf. The estimated annual benefits of $66 million are figured mostly on the time barge operators will save over the traditional route down the Mississippi. And though it will cost at least $1.3 billion to build the canal, and about $6 million a year to maintain it, the barge operators will pay no user fees. So Tenn-Tom, like all other Corps waterways, is basically a massive subsidy of the barge industry. "Using the money this way," Clemmer said, "is like helping the Rockefellers get more servants."

Ignore, however, the question of whether it is of national benefit to subsidize barge traffic to a far greater extent than we subsidize railroads or even truck operations, and look farther into the benefit calculation, which yields a meager 1.1 to 1 margin. At its heart is a discount rate—the interest charged to the cost of money—of 3¼ percent. Although use of this rate is legal (it was the one in effect at the time Tenn-Tom was authorized in 1946), it is entirely unrealistic. It's a bit like justifying a horse on a dog-food budget. And Tenn-Tom is not an oddity. Since projects are often authorized years before they are funded, the Corps always seems to be working with antiquated interest formulas. In this case, as in many, the 3¼ percent rate is vital to the project; at a more modern rate of 6½ percent, say, the ratio might drop below the balance.

It is possible that the favorable

Born Again.

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JBL's new L166 doesn't add anything to the music. It doesn't take anything away. That's what all the excitement's about.

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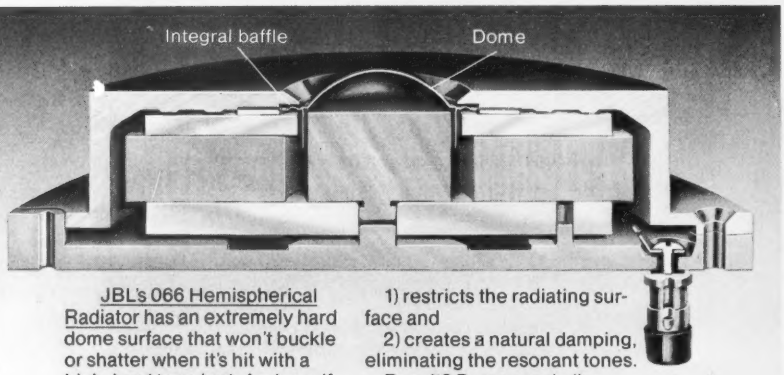
Two, an exclusive, new low fre-

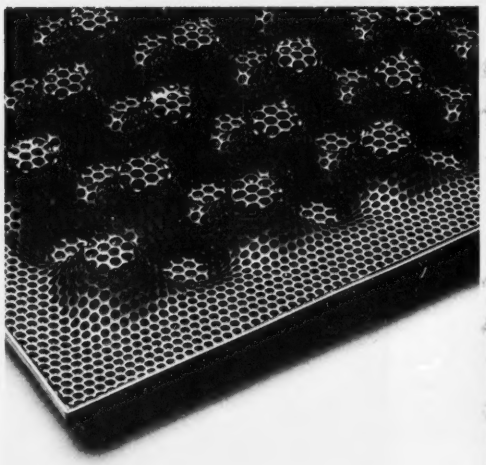


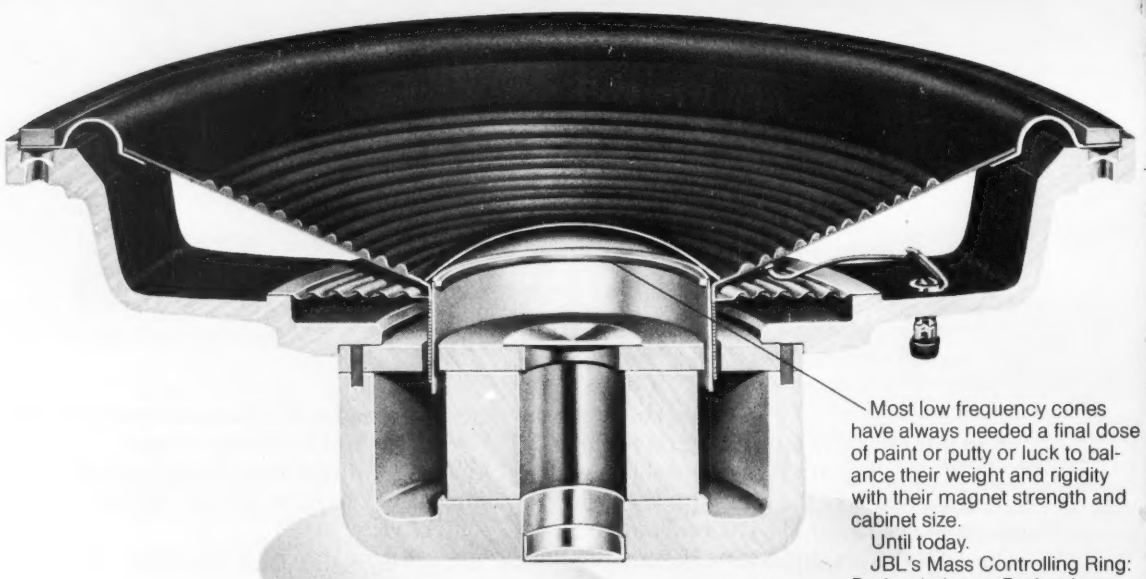
JBL's 066 Hemispherical Radiator has an extremely hard dome surface that won't buckle or shatter when it's hit with a high, hard transient. And—as if that weren't enough—there's a unique integral baffle that:

1) restricts the radiating surface and

2) creates a natural damping, eliminating the resonant tones.

Result? Pure sound, dispersed 150° horizontal and vertical at 20 kiloHertz.





Most low frequency cones have always needed a final dose of paint or putty or luck to balance their weight and rigidity with their magnet strength and cabinet size.

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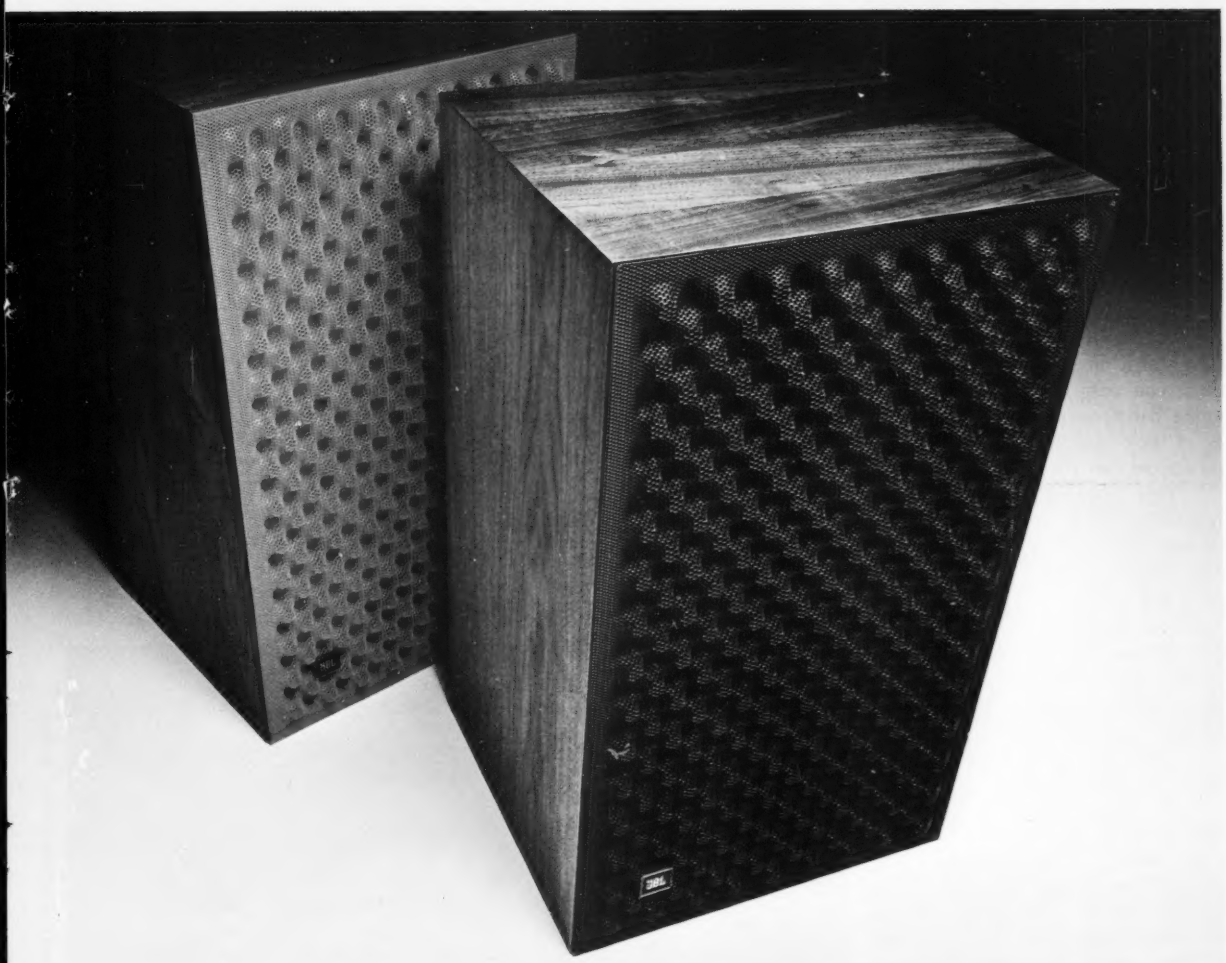

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James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329

ratio of 1.1 to 1 may collapse of its own accord if the project experiences another horrendous overrun like this year's $545 million adjustment. But the Corps is prepared. Last spring, aware that it had an economically marginal project under construction, the Corps produced, like a magician under duress, a new, more glamorous rabbit.

Today all discussion of Tenn-Tom includes an additional project, the enlarging and streamlining of the old canal between the end of Tenn-Tom and Mobile. This yields a slightly more substantial benefit-cost ratio of 1.3 to 1, and this is the ratio now used by waterway promoters. However, the additional project, which the Corps calls Plan C, has never been authorized by Congress, has never been funded, and its feasibility has never even been officially studied. It's a kind of floating wild card whose figures, a Corps spokesman hedged, "are subject to some change."

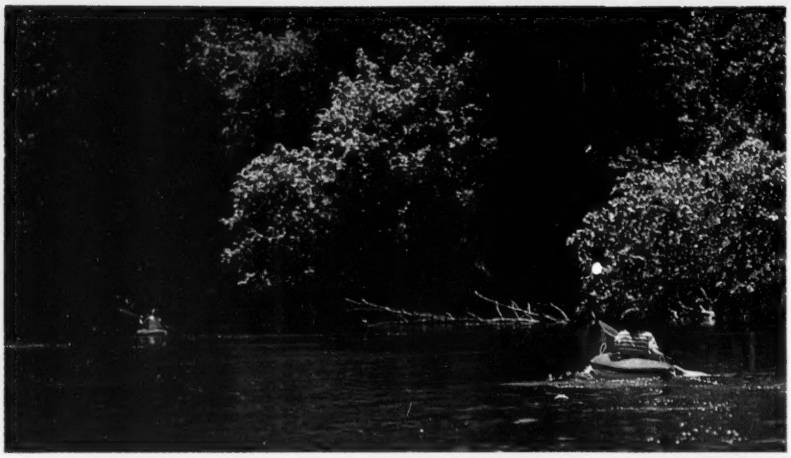
But there is an additional subtlety here. Although the Corps says it just thought of the new expansion this year, it doesn't look quite that innocent. It looks more like the Corps *designed* Tenn-Tom to create a bottleneck and force extra construction. The Tenn-Tom locks are being built to allow eight barges through at a time; the old locks downstream can only handle six at a time, forcing barge operators to change the size of their tows halfway to the Gulf. You can bet they'll lobby for expansion.

This leapfrogging design technique is not unique to Tenn-Tom either. In another controversy, involving the St. Louis District, conservationists are accusing the Corps of doing exactly the same thing: designing a lock and dam replacement on the Mississippi at Alton, 30 percent deeper than others in its series with a long-term purpose of forcing the similar expansion of the whole system.

"You can see," Clemmer said, "this is the same old group."

But what *if* Tenn-Tom, like other Corps projects, is destructive? What if it, like others, is based on faulty economics? What if Tenn-Tom is, as *Forbes* magazine called it, a "boondoggle" of enormous proportions? Does that really matter? Don't public works projects have a primary purpose beside which all this niggling is irrelevant: to provide jobs?

Bruce M. Hannon and Roger H. Bezdek, another University of Illinois professor, have an answer. In a paper printed in *Engineering Issues*, a publication of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Hannon and Bezdek say, yes, Corps projects do provide jobs, but less per dollar spent than many other possi-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

COURTESY OF THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

The Meramec Park Lake project: above, the Meramec River as it looks today and, bottom, the construction under way along its banks; middle, the projected park itself—the area to be flooded is blue, with the original river barely visible as thin lines. Some 12,000 acres of sycamore and alder and 35 miles of Meramec riverbed, not to mention one of the country's most unique cave formations, wi.. be drowned in cold, green darkness forever.

ble investments.

Hannon and Bezdek compared Corps projects with five alternatives—tax relief, National Health Insurance, Social Security benefits, railroad and mass transit construction, and waste treatment construction—and found that each alternative would offer more jobs, although a shifting in types of jobs was inevitable.

Tenn-Tom is also a good example of Corps employment impact. In the 12-county area directly affected by the waterway, 40 percent of the population is black. In the same area, blacks make up a disproportionate percentage of all poor people. However, a June 1, 1976 work force profile of employment on the Tenn-Tom lists only 144 blacks out of a total of 591 project workers—24.4 percent. Wendell Paris, chairman of the Minority Peoples Council on the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, calls these statistics examples of "blatantly racist employment policies." Even if they are merely the reflection of the makeup of the people trained in skills the construction of canals demands, those percentages indicate that if the primary purpose of Tenn-Tom is to provide jobs for people who need them, it is failing.

Finally, Tenn-Tom offers a lesson in Corps dynamics. Consider: it is the largest public works project underway in the United States. It will also affect the home districts of, among others, Senator John Stennis (D–Miss.), chairman of the Senate appropriations subcommittee on public works; Representative Joe Evins (D–Tenn.), chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee on public works; and Representative Robert Jones (D–Ala.), chairman of the House public works and transportation committee. The relationship is no coincidence.

"Any attempt to focus on the Corps without realizing the indispensable part played by special interest groups and the Congress is not going to get the full story," said Brent Blackwelder, a founding staff member of the Washington-based Environmental Policy Center. "You can view them as a triangle; they all need each other."

The special interest groups are the barge operators, the big realtors, the contractors and the dredgers, who use their influence with the Congress and the Corps to promote projects, often forming organizations like the Meramec Basin Association or the Tennessee-Tombigbee Water Development Authority to promote and lobby. These groups can think up new projects or resurrect projects that the Corps has tabled. Such as Tenn-Tom.

"In 1946, Tenn-Tom was authorized but on a very shaky basis," General Wilson said. "Then the proponents kept trying to get it restudied, and in 1966 it was restudied and the new report showed a better benefit-cost ratio." With a little help from our friends.

The relationship with Congress is just as comfortable. Public works projects have been accepted as pork barrel nourishment for incumbents so long that it embarrasses no one. Victor V. Veysey, Assistant Secretary of the Army for Civil Works, as well as former congressman from California, had the best explanation. "There has been a very close association between congressmen and public works projects for the simple reason that they are very tangible projects," Veysey said. "They may be disliked by some but on every project there is a large group who are strong, strong supporters. They're tunnel vision and if the congressman gets their project moving, he's their man. It's a great political base."

The congressman gets the political base, the Corps gets its money. Because of this relationship, the Corps, even in years of fiscal restraint, gets more money than it asks for

Everything in this arrangement is mutually satisfying. The congressman gets the political base, and the Corps gets its money. In fact, because of this relationship, the Corps, even in years of fiscal restraint, usually gets more money than it asks for. This year it requested about $2.2 billion; it got almost $2.5 billion. The Mobile District asked for $84 million for Tenn-Tom; it got $104 million. The Corps made no requests for new construction starts; Congress gave it funds for 25.

The Corps protests that Congress pushes farther than it wants to go, but, in effect, it guides the hand that feeds it. Appropriations hearing records are thick with generals pointing out to congressmen that because of administration budget restraints the funds requested for a particular project are less than what the project could most effectively use, and hinting that every year we dawdle below capacity we lose more to inflation.

A telling example of Corps-Congress relationships appears at the end of Vol. I of those hearings. Evins and Jaimie Whitten (D–Miss.) had been interviewing Major General Francis P. Koisch, division engineer for the lower Mississippi Valley, a division Oliver Houck calls "a little kingdom," and they wound up the session with this:

Mr. Evins: [To Koisch] We wish you good luck. You have a very important division and a tremendous workload. This committee is backing you and supporting you. We wish you good luck.

Mr. Whitten: Mr. Chairman, you left out the word, push. We are pushing you.

Mr. Evins: We will add that.

In the Corps headquarters in Washington's Forrestal Building, the corridors are dimly lit by a select few of the available overhead lights, a tribute to the sudden obsolescence of a wasteful design. Here the military presence of the Corps dominates. Officers stride up and down the halls, and the brims of hats gleam with golden braid, symbolizing the ranks of major and above.

But the olive drab patina of the Corps is hard to interpret. The Corps answers more directly to Congress than to anyone in the Pentagon save Veysey, and, after all, there are only 300 uniformed men in the entire Civil Works Branch. So the importance of the military presence is uncertain.

The late Arthur E. Morgan, first chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority and lifetime Corps critic, blamed a lack of "ethical character and . . . engineering competence" in the Corps on the "fundamental character and structure of the U.S. Military Academy," which, he said, trains people to obey orders and to act quickly, but does not allow the "high degree of independent, critical and creative thought" demanded by good civil engineering. But others, including Brock Evans, head of the Sierra Club's Washington office and a member of a Corps advisory committee, have said that the organization's civilians run the show and use the military people, who seldom spend more than three years in any particular district and who rotate between the military and civil works branches, as point men.

Brent Blackwelder of the Environmental Policy Center uses stronger language. "The entrenched civilians run the ball game in a kind of faceless way," he said, "using the military dressing to terrorize people."

Nevertheless, the officers do set the policy, and when you talk to environmentalists in the field the standard comment on whether or not the Corps is responsive to their requests is "It all de-

pends on who is the district engineer."

The Corps is effective, according to Oliver Houck, "to the extent that the military guy in charge is young, bright and responsive to new breezes."

Whether the military or civilian people run the Corps, however, it is apparent that they don't differ much in philosophy. Both want to do a job. General Wilson explained:

"When we go out on a district assignment we're mission-oriented; production-oriented," he said. "I guess that's one aspect of the military training that you can take in either a negative or positive fashion. We get our greatest satisfaction from doing something, and so if we get directed to study something, we try to find a way to do what the proponents want."

Several environmentalists expressed a curious attitude toward the military structure of the Corps. One lawyer who had just finished telling me how useless the public hearing process is because it gives the uninformed masses the same right to testify as his organization, which has so much more substance to offer, said he felt the military structure was valuable because it permitted swift change. You give an order and—Tenhut!—it's done. It's a bit like praising totalitarianism for its efficiency.

One thing that was almost as much in evidence in the Forrestal Building as military trappings was talk of a New Corps. The Corps is becoming more responsive to environmental needs, people said, and the project they pointed out as an example of this New Corps was the Charles River Natural Valley Storage Area, near Boston.

The Charles River project is special because it is a nonstructural approach to floods. "Nonstructural," which is used as a kind of floating noun, is state-of-the-art flood control: instead of building a partially-effective dam, you restrict flood plain construction to allow flooding without damage, and you take advantage of natural storage areas such as swamps to absorb excess water. Environmentalists have been advocating this approach for years, and now the Corps appears to be embracing it. "Only after we have thoroughly exhausted all other alternatives, in particular those labeled nonstructural solutions, will the public accept structural solutions," General Morris wrote in 1975. "As a result, I see the Corps role in flood control changing significantly."

But Oliver Houck demands evidence on the bottom line. "Just how much bullshit is their nonstructural approach?" he asked. "How many people and how much money does the Corps have in nonstructural? That one question is the most important inquiry about the Corps." And the bottom line is not so promising. On a national scale, the Corps commitment to nonstructural solutions is still insignificant. The total estimated cost for the Corps' three such projects—in Wisconsin, Arizona and Massachusetts—is $41 million, less than 2 percent of this year's budget. And the 1977 Corps budget request asked for no new money for the Charles River project, indicating at least a low priority. (Congress later gave the project $1 million, so it continues.) It is more likely that the nonstructural approach, at least so far, is more useful for public relations than as a genuine alternative to traditional dams, levees and channels.

But by far the most controversial evidence of change in the Corps is its new authority to regulate dredging and filling in all the nation's waters. This responsibility rambled through Congress throughout the summer striking sparks,

"The entrenched civilians run the ball game in a kind of faceless way, using the military dressing to terrorize people"

but causing no action. It has been praised as a sign of a Corps environmental renaissance and attacked as an infringement of states' rights. But one thing is certain: the new role will give the Corps more power.

The brief history of the regulatory law is one of shifting and tangled alliances. When Congress was working on amendments to the Water Pollution Control Act in 1972, environmentalists lobbied for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) to have control over everything being put into water, including earth. But industrial interests argued that the Corps should regulate dredging and filling operations, since it had expertise in those areas. (And since it was already their friend.) So Congress gave the authority to the Corps in a section now notorious as "404."

Yet the Corps, strangely reluctant to extend the authority to its legal limits, applied the law only to its traditional area of control: navigable waters. Then, stranger still, the Natural Resources Defense Council and the National Wildlife Federation went to court and, in March 1975, won a judgment requiring the Corps to expand its authority to all the waters of the United States, which includes all but the smallest lakes and streams. By next July, if Congress does not intervene, the Corps will regulate dredging and filling in all lakes larger than 5 acres and all streams flowing faster than 5 cubic feet per second. This covers almost all water-related construction up to the point of irrigation.

So why have the environmental organizations supported this growth of court power with such vigor? Because they feel that some control of water-oriented development is better than none. Groups like the National Wildlife Federation have been worried for a long time about the fate of the nation's wetlands, those incredibly rich places which nurture much of our wildlife and which support most of the seas' bounty. At least 51 million of the nation's 127 million acres of wetlands have already been destroyed by dredging and filling according to estimates by the NWF, and the current rate of consumption by a land-hungry nation is over 800 acres a day. Although the Corps' new role covers more than just swamps, it would have its largest effect on wetlands, and environmental organizations figure that some control is better than none. "We may have to police it ourselves," one environmental leader said, "but at least they can't ignore us." And though the Corps record in regulatory operations has been poor—it has not yet denied one single ocean dumping permit in the three years it has had that responsibility—environmentalists were heartened this spring when the Corps denied a developer's application to fill 3,000 acres of mangrove swamps on an island off Florida's gulf coast.

So if there is any uncomfortable feeling among environmentalists that perhaps we are giving the Corps—and the military side of the bureaucracy—too much power over a vital domestic resource, nobody shows it. In fact, with the regulatory program still in its embryonic stage, relations between the two sides of what used to be a war are practically cordial. The feeling among environmentalists seems to be fatalistic. There's no way to stop the Corps, so let's bend its purpose. "It gives them a chance to change around," said Ron Outen until recently a lobbyist for the NRDC's environmental lobby. "It's good for the Corps to do this kind of thing, otherwise they're going to build dams."

So the Corps of Engineers keeps growing; this time with the help of the organizations which have fought it so bitterly in the past. If the regulatory pro-

gram just enacted functions as its proponents envision, the Corps will have reached a dramatic new level in its scope of authority over the nation's waters.

And the Corps seems destined to grow bigger still. Among the proposals being advanced for changes in the present responsibilities of the Corps, few seek to diminish its role. One of the most significant of these is a proposal to get the Corps into the railroad-building business. Hannon and Findley argue that the Corps could subsidize railroads in the same way it subsidizes barge operators, by building and maintaining their roadbeds.

After the waterways, the railways. And beyond, General Wilson himself speaks from time to time of the Corps building the nation's sewage-treatment facilities and rehabilitating strip-mined lands. It is hard to imagine that he conceives of such options as substitutes for traditional dam and waterway construction, but rather as a broadening of power.

There are ways, however, of significantly changing the color and power of the Corps without entirely deflating it or damaging those programs—such as flood relief—which the Corps does well. One, of course, would be to eliminate the specter of a military organization controlling our water by giving the Corps a general discharge from the Army and turning it totally civilian, as Hannon and Findley suggest. The other would be equally important: to separate the justification of Corps projects from their execution. It is the Corps' control over all phases of a project, from evaluation through construction, that keeps bad projects like Meramec Park Lake alive on transfusions of in-house justification.

"The planning and evaluation functions which [the Corps] currently performs . . . should be reassigned," Hannon and Findley write, "to avoid the bootstrap or solution-in-search-of-a-problem approach so common with mission-oriented planning and construction agencies."

One of the most vocal critics of the Corps in recent months has been none other than Jimmy Carter, who successfully fought off a Corps dam plan in Georgia when he was governor. A year ago, Carter said, "The Army Corps of Engineers ought to get out of the dam building business. At a time when the whole country is concerned about inflation and high taxes, we don't need to spend tens of millions of dollars for the purpose of perpetuating the Army Corps of Engineers."

But the Corps of Engineers is tenacious, largely because it does not present a solid target; the Corps is many little soldiers in a field of tall grass. And what is worse, they wear your own uniform, they smile, and they say, "Let's be reasonable, let's be *reasonable*," until all hostility is gone. "The trouble with the Corps," one opponent said in frustration, "is you can't get a grip on it. There's nobody to hate."

High above Independence Avenue, in the Forrestal Building, is the most reasonable man of all, Lieutenant General James W. Morris, Chief of Engineers. Morris is the epitome of the Corps officer: West Point educated, Vietnam hardened, gifted with silver hair, blue eyes and the ability to communicate, empathize, compromise and get what he wants. An aide remembers with pride the time General Morris earned a standing ovation from a group of people whose land he was about to condemn. Now General Morris knows it is time for the Corps to concede in rhetoric what it cannot give up in real change. The Corps, he said, is like a heavy truck which came to an unmarked turn in the middle of the night of 1970, the turn of environmental consciousness and law, "rocked around on one wheel and then the other, and finally got straightened out."

"I just have an enthusiasm that we're on the right track," he said. "We're going to build waterways, but they're going to be the best waterways in the world. It's the same challenge, but we'll do it in a way that it becomes a plus in our natural treasury of resources. Many of our projects now instead of having adverse environmental impacts will have favorable environmental impacts. I would like in a hundred years from now for people to look back at the critical period between 1970 and 1980 and say, of all the agencies, thank God for the Corps of Engineers, because they got it *right*."

It all sounded so hopeful up there in the quiet office, far from the Meramec Park Lake and the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, far from Don Rimback's fury and Glenn Clemmer's wry regret. It seemed so full of promise. But there is the ultimate threat; most dangerous because it is clothed in smiles. With sincerity and good will, men like General Morris slowly gather power over our land and our precious waters, and with them, one by one, the grains of our freedom. And we let them do it with scarcely a murmur of protest. Because we trust them. We trust because General Morris is a reasonable man. We trust because they are all, all reasonable men.●

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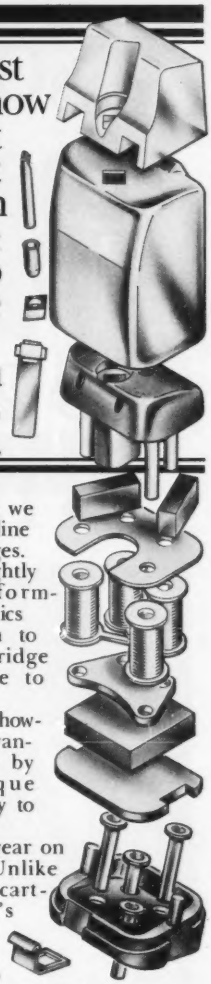

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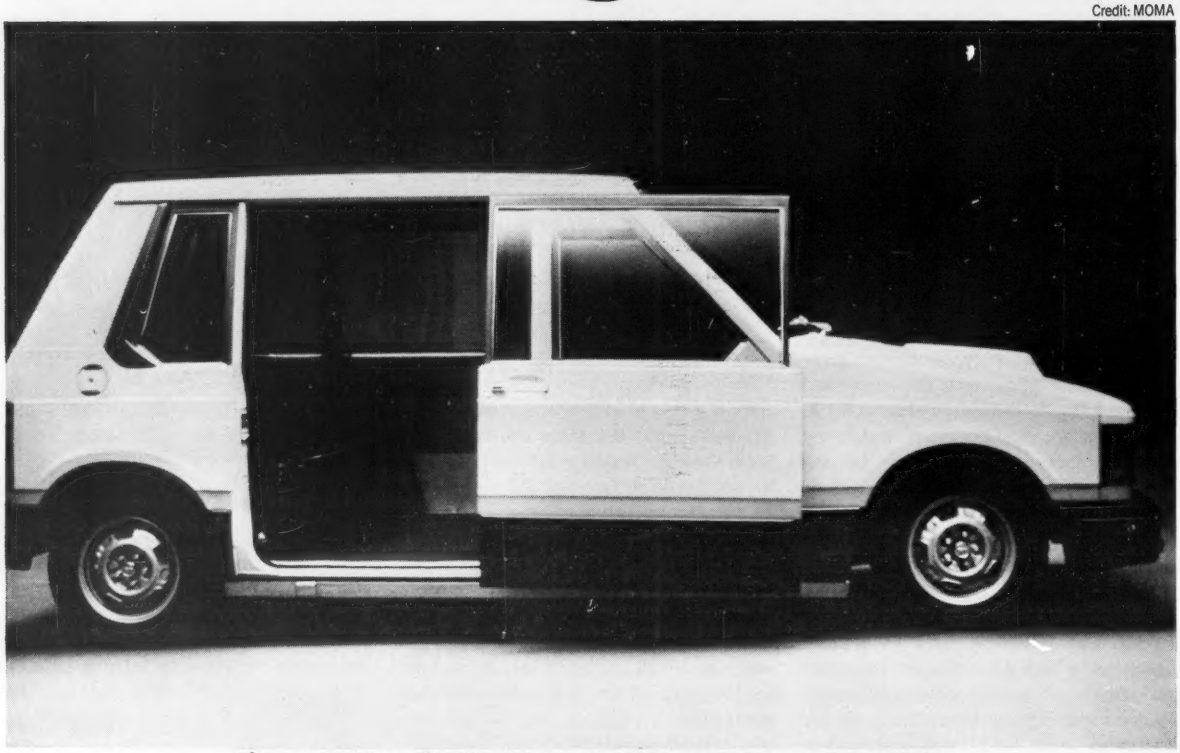

"Says one driver, 'For New York you need a tank, not a car.' A realistic alternative to sheer violence is a cab that can turn on a tuppence."

Sharing a common suspicion that the standard taxi is a spinoff on an original design by Torquemada, TIME Magazine recently hailed with enthusiasm a display, staged by New York's Museum of Modern Art, of what a taxi might be: safe, comfortable, economical and rational.

Not an earth-shaking issue, certainly. And visionary to a degree. But to the articulate and imaginative people who read TIME regularly, even pie in the sky is food for thought.

By indulging these wide-ranging interests, TIME regularly serves up a feast for the mind that is unique in publishing. Another reason why TIME has won more awards for editorial excellence than any other magazine.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

A CLOSE-UP ON THE CORPS

THE BULLDOZING OF NEW BURLINGTON

New Burlington was a comfortable Ohio farming village on the banks of Caesar Creek. For years its 400 residents had heard rumors of a Corps of Engineers project, but no one dreamed of what would happen once it really started

By John Baskin

Memorandum

From: Maj. Gen. R.H. Groves, division engineer, North Atlantic Division, Army Corps of Engineers

Subject: Improper Terminology

1. I am observing a growing trend in the use of the verb "to feel." Please avoid its use in any paper that you may prepare for my signature. Any action that I take is supposed to be objective, emotionally sterile and totally devoid of all feeling. In my official capacity, I am capable of believing or sensing, but never feeling.

2. Please see that your work for me is purged of this offensive word.

Within months after her house in the village was taken by the Corps of Engineers, Merle McIntire was dead. Those closest to her, who knew of her resolve to die before she had to move, were not surprised. Although she was very old, her health was good. She just did not wish to live anymore. She was lying on her back when they found her, in the snow. Her hands were folded primly across her chest. She was on her way to the graveyard. She said so in a note she left.

Mrs. McClure was dead, too. She and her granddaughter had lived in the lower end of New Burlington, in a house so filled with plants it seemed it might explode. Just before she had to move, she showed a plant to a visitor. "Do you think," she asked, "that the Resurrection lily will live transplanted?"

In her new home in nearby Xenia, Mrs. McClure slept in a chair beside a window. When she awakened, she found she had been crying. "I don't know where I am," she said. "I have no idea. I don't see anything I know."

Abby Currie had an auction before she moved. Then she called the veterinarian to put her cat to sleep. The rest home prohibited cats.

Lawrence Mitchner was last. In his eighties, he lived alone in what had once been the village undertaker's parlor. A Quaker pacifist, he refused induction into World War I and spent part of the war in Leavenworth. Lawrence refused to talk to the Corps. When the engineers wrote, he tore the letters up without reading them. He told his neighbors he would never move.

The engineers moved around him. They bought the entire village and soon there were only a few houses left, foundations, steps and sidewalks which led to nowhere. Then the vandals came. They stole lumber, bricks, doorknobs, stripped the fruit trees, and took the ivy off Mrs. Louie Wills' chimney. Lawrence shuttered himself in his house and stopped answering the door.

Farmers asked the engineers about Lawrence. We'll leave him alone as long as we can and if we have to, they said, we'll move him out. *But we hope he'll die first.*

Don Haines, who had moved, but commuted 25 miles every day to farm his old land under a Corps deadline, remembered combining oats one night. "I looked across the creek to where the village was and there was nothing. No landmarks, no houses, nothing but Lawrence's light in all that dark space . . . ."

And then Lawrence Mitchner was dead, too.

The Caesar Creek Lake project was not the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' largest project, nor its most spectacular. The Caesar Creek Gorge itself was not of the same impressive natural pageantry as, say, the Red River Gorge in Kentucky. And New Burlington's comfortable but modest houses were not on the National Register of Historic Places.

It was a small, obscure village in the Ohio countryside that lived a bit too much in the past and was forced too quickly into a future it could barely envision. Yet it would be difficult to find anywhere a Corps project which contained more of the elements of abusive power and overwhelming arrogance, nor one which seemed so flawed from concept to finish.

The Caesar Creek project was a project that demonstrated perfectly that any national insanity might be perpetrated so long as the proper channels of bureaucratic legerdemain were followed. The Corps, masters at that too, merely transferred an inside engineering skill to the paperwork: it was, after all, an expert at channelization. And over the years, this latter skill had far surpassed the former. The Corps was much more adept now at bulldozing through appropriations committees, the fine areas of environmental law and the opposition.

The Army Corps of Engineers first came to New Burlington more than forty years ago. Its ostensible purpose was to build a dam for flood control. Not for New Burlington, however, which had its own sporadic problems with flooding. The dam would be, the engineers said, flood control for the little river towns on the forty-odd-mile stretch of the Little Miami River into Cincinnati, and for the Ohio River itself.

But it was a spurious project. When costs rose, water quality and recreation benefits were tacked on. The flood-control "reservoir" had become a "lake" and the engineers were promising all things to all men, even though there were strong indications of serious problems in all its varied parts, which never added up to any concise whole. The project seemed more and more to resemble an old hooker wearing a lot of paint, standing for good effect under a dim streetlight.

Still unfinished by late-1976, construction costs had nearly tripled the engineers' original estimate. Conservationists contended that the Little Miami River, one of Ohio's few remaining scenic rivers, would be seriously damaged by the dam on its important upriver tributary. They contended, as did various government agencies, that the lake's benefits were highly overstated, and that the life of the project was only half as long as the Corps said it was. The Ohio Environmental Protection Agency indicated the quality of water would likely deteriorate, and that the lake would be polluted. And in the final Environmental Impact Statement done by the Corps, the engineers revised their earlier floodwater reductions in downstream Cincinnati: what had been labeled "a substantial amount" was now down to a maximum of three inches and, possibly, none at all.

As for New Burlington, the tiny farming village of less than 400 people and no particular note, it would be sacrificed for the greater good: New Burlington would be flooded forever.

Plans were made for Caesar Creek as early as 1928. The lake was authorized in 1938, a year after the Ohio River flood which left 100,000 people homeless. The project was on, then off. After severe flooding along the Little Miami River in 1959, it was on, and this time it was obvious it would stay on, although funding wasn't available until 1962.

"When the Corps first sets foot on your land, they should inform you of your rights, just like a criminal," says one angered landowner

And before that time, most of the villagers had never seen any of the engineers. The printer's wife saw two men surveying the stream behind her house but soon she had forgotten that initial moment of panic. For dinner was ready, and work was waiting. So the village accepted the rumors, assimilated them and lived on, vaguely worried, the demanding moment absorbed by time and duty. Now that time was over.

The Army engineers would soon begin a rural pacification program in the unincorporated village of New Burlington (a village not so hugely unlike how some might imagine a Vietnam hamlet for, after all, rural people in the world have more affinity with each other than city people). In perhaps a decade or more, which is to say, *today*, the villages could look backward and see that they and their neighboring countrymen had been merely coordinates on a map that featured New Burlington as a military objective.

Corps appraisers went to work in 1967. Stated policy was to pay "fair market value," which meant, according to the Corps, "the price the property would bring in a sale between a willing seller and a willing buyer." But what the Corps did was set a buying pattern which manipulated the market. In fact, the Corps helped create a small pocket of low-priced property which was surrounded by one of the hottest real estate areas in the nation.

One professional appraiser, Don Sigg, who worked for both the Corps and later did private appraisals for landowners, said he knew the Corps had urged New Burlington people, over a period of years, not to improve or maintain their homes—then it bought the 80 homes of the village as a "depressed area." Frank Lundy, a bottomland farmer, said that in the late 1930's he was advised not to improve his farm. Said project manager Earl Murphy: "I've heard that it is a depressed area." The Corps, too, had its own version of "blockbusting." It made sure villagers would not act in concert by working quickly with those residents who were most vulnerable—the short-time residents who had few deep attachments or family ties, and the widows.

One of the first negotiations was with the village's oldest widow, Mrs. Louie Wills, 94. Murphy's buyers offered her $5,300 for her modest house. But she and her husband had paid $7,500 for it 13 years before. There were two more offers, reaching $6,000, and a letter from Murphy containing an ultimatum: " . . . if we do not receive the enclosed offer forms, duly signed, within the next 15 days . . . prompt action will be taken to complete acquisition by filing a declaration of taking in a condemnation proceeding .. . . ."

Farther along in the letter, Murphy told Mrs. Wills that his comments were presented only as explanation and were "in no way intended as a threat." Mrs. Wills, however, saw it differently. "I've never been to court even to pay a traffic ticket," she said. "I expect when you go into court with the government, you get into it . . . ." She sold, and moved in with her daughter.

Don Collett, owner of the village hardware store, was surprised to learn the Corps did not pay anything for an established business. "Run a farmer out," said Collett, "he'll harvest his crop and go. Come next spring, he'll put in corn somewhere. A businessman starts out on another corner, he don't know whether

John Baskin's book New Burlington: The Life and Death of an American Village *was published earlier this year by W.W. Norton & Company.*

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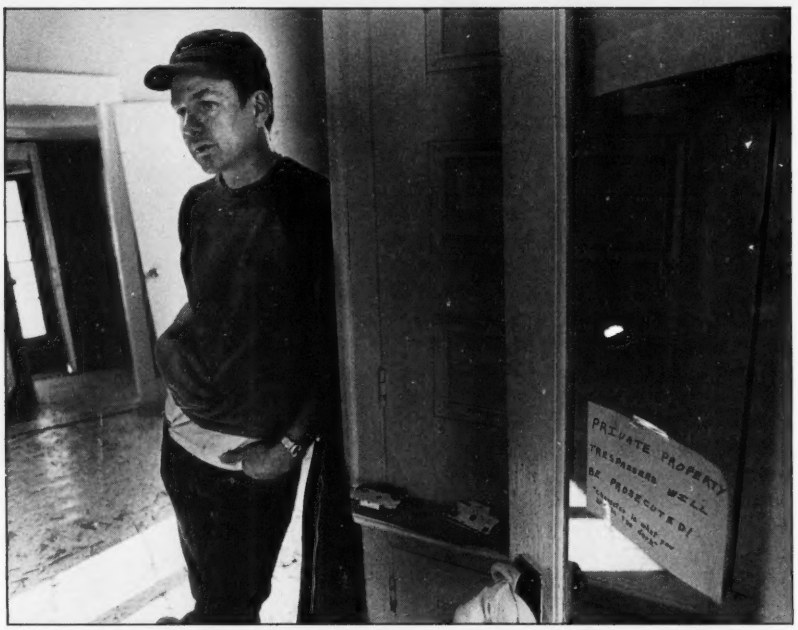

A town sentenced without trial: (counterclockwise) the detritus of New Burlington; a scavenger with wrecking bar; Merle McIntire and great-granddaughter outside her abandoned house; Merle's grandson salvaging the lumber inside.

his corn's going to come up or not . . . ."

Collett, who had recently built a new brick ranch house in the upper part of the village, also didn't like the way negotiations went when the appraisers looked at his home. "They told me," he said, "that I was *overdeveloped*. They said if I was going to live in New Burlington I couldn't have things my neighbors didn't. They said the house wasn't worth as much here as it would be in the suburbs of Dayton . . . ."

George Marburger had a stranger complaint: "I made arrangements to buy another place and while waiting for the money from the Corps, I decided to go ahead and make the down payment. So I borrowed $10,000 for a down payment thinking I could pay it back as soon as the Corps deposited my money. But they lost my file and I couldn't get *any* money. So the man sued me because I couldn't buy. I ended up losing the down payment . . . ."

Early in 1976, Marburger was preparing, at last, to move. In transactions with the Corps, he claimed he lost 70 acres of land, doubled his indebtedness, suffered a nervous breakdown and subsequently lost his job, and had been separated from his wife and children (who were now back with him). His wife said his health, job and the separation were because of the stress of negotiating with the Corps.

"I have been," said Marburger, "treated worse than any dog."

A final outrage to the villagers was that before they could close sales with the Corps, they had to pay a deposit

for streetlights, an assessment for the remaining time on the township's contract with the power company. It meant that villagers were paying for a service they would never receive.

And while Corps negotiators and appraisers were often guilty of evasion and deceit, most of what they did was construed as legal. Whether it *should* have been was another matter. On at least two points, however, the Corps violated explicit rules set up by itself. One such violation was that they refused to allow landowners to introduce into the negotiations their own privately-obtained appraisals.

A second violation was that buyers had been known to offer less for property than the Corps' appraised value. Said Murphy: "Nobody knows, anyway, whether we start lower [than the appraisal] or higher because nobody knows what the appraisal is." Then he added, "We hardly ever buy anything below the appraised value."

If so, it was not because the buyers didn't try. But initial offers to landowners were never in writing so it was one man's word against the government. Until the passage of the "Muskie Bill" in 1971, landowners could not find out the appraisal figure without going to court. Even court was no solution for Roger and Alma Plummer, one of the few landowners in the project area to request a jury trial. The Plummers lived on the lower end of the project area in a 130-year-old brick house of Federal architecture which placed it on the historic register. They owned 150 acres of bottomlands along Caesar Creek, about a mile and a half above the dam site.

Corps appraisers came in 1968. Three years later, their final offer was $56,000. The Plummers refused it and asked for a jury trial. Early in 1971, Congress passed the Uniform Relocation Assistance and Real Property Acquisition Policies Act—the "Muskie Bill." Its provisions set up fair guidelines for the Corps to follow in buying property and helping people relocate. Merely its passage stated that previous practices had not been fair. Plummer read about the new bill in a farm journal, and asked his negotiator. The negotiator said he didn't know anything about it.

Most of New Burlington was bought before the bill's passage and only a few villagers qualified for help in relocating. "The Corps told us," said Plummer, "and it was printed in their pamphlets, that they would start buying at the dam site and work upstream. But then they went 15 miles to the top of the project and bought as much of New Burlington as they could. I think they did this because of the Muskie Bill. They knew it was going to pass and they said, 'Let's grab this town before we have to pay relocation expenses . . . .'"

In 1971, the Corps condemned the Plummer farm. Final figure: $61,400—$409 an acre. Published surveys of Corps' prices paid for farmland during the four previous years showed an average of $548 an acre. And surveys of open market sales within a ten-mile radius of the project during the first eight months of 1971 showed average per-acre price was over $900.

Plummer had three independent appraisals made. They averaged above $100,000. He went into county records and checked seven comparable farm sales within five miles of his own farm. They averaged $950 an acre. He and his wife began looking for another farm. They looked at 25 farms before they found one under $1,000 an acre.

Meanwhile, the Corps made a pre-trial offer of just over $74,000. Plummer refused it and hired Bowling Green, Ohio, condemnation experts, Hanna & Hanna. "The Corps told me," said Plummer, "that I could get a hearing before a three-man commission [a second method of contesting the Corps' appraisal] *right away*. But a jury trial would take awhile. You have to wait until they take you to court, so they used this as a wedge against me, trying to pressure me into signing. They let me wait about two years." In 1975, the Plummers were finally allowed into court.

During the trial, the Corps' chief witness said, as an expert, that Plummer was giving inflated comparable prices. Before Plummer could check his figures—which proved himself correct—the Corps' attorney used this in his closing argument to, as attorney Harold Hanna put it, "impugn the credibility of Mr. Plummer." Said Plummer: "To the jury, listening to this 'expert' witness, it just looked like everything I had said was a lie . . . ."

Consequently, the jury awarded the Plummers $65,000—almost matching the Corps' 1971 appraisal figure. The Corps' lawyer said the error of the witness was "inadvertent" and his testimony given "in complete good faith."

Said Plummer, angered, frustrated, and by now, cynical: "When the Corps first sets foot on your land they should inform you of your rights, just like a criminal . . . ."

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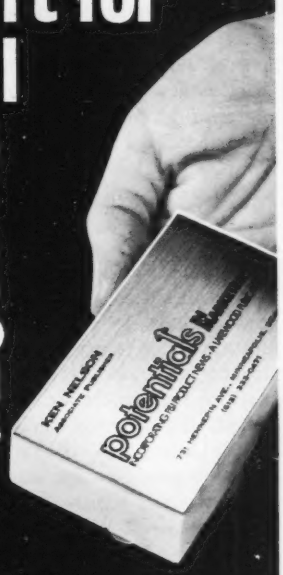

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around New Burlington remained unorganized, incredulous. Conservative Republicans for the most part, they could not believe what an agency of their own government was doing to them. They responded as might a man with his artificial leg caught in a steel trap: the dismay came late.

"I just lost hope," said Alma Plummer, "and my innocence. All the power was on one side. We had nothing. I never thought I'd protest any government policy. Then I found I *was* a protestor. I have since said the Pledge of Allegiance but I stopped at the last four words. I could not say 'with justice for all.' The people of Caesar Creek did not receive justice . . . ."

There was finally some organization in 1972, when the Caesar Creek Preservation Association was formed. But it was like bringing in a specialist in time for the autopsy. Much of the 10,000 acres in the project area had been acquired, the dam was under construction—and less than six people were left in the village of New Burlington.

The following summer, Ohio's attorney general, William Brown—with the CCPA and other conservation groups as intervenors—filed suit to halt construction. Brown charged that the Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) filed by the Corps was inadequate, that the Corps had disregarded environmental laws, and that cost-benefit ratios justifying the project were highly overstated.

Construction was halted for a month, then U.S. District Judge Carl Rubin (who had incensed conservationists by saying that he liked to scuba-dive and "I can't very well do that in Caesar Creek") granted exceptions to the injunction and most of the work continued as usual. The Corps did, however, prepare an updated EIS. It was as thick as the Cincinnati phone directory and its table of contents alone was longer than the October 1970 draft.

Massiveness, however, did not mean accuracy. Indeed, there was a question, entertained by some who might also be called expert, asking whether an accurate EIS could *ever* be properly done. One of those who suggested such was Dr. Sture F. Anliot, professor of biology at Wilmington College, who read the updated EIS to find that 70 pages of it had been picked up from his book on the flora of Glen Helen—a nature preserve over 30 miles north of Caesar Creek.

"People have been led to think," said Anliot, "that we can come up with an accurate EIS. It is possible to do a *very good* one but no one is willing to pay the price. And predicting environmental consequences is very tentative. There is a lot we don't know. What will occur is often speculative. The Corps here put together something and called it an impact statement. But it wasn't. A good one here would have showed the project shouldn't have been built . . . ."

The EIS defied any order. It was an unruly basket of comment on history, land use, effect on taxes and the environment. There was no logical sequence to its facts, and all facts that should have been present were not. As presented by the Corps, the EIS was a weapon of bureaucratic verbiage, a language so thick and heavy as to tunk the brain pan in passing and render insensible all but the most tenacious.

But with the updated EIS, which was amended into a *final* updated EIS, some things emerged, among them that:

- The Ohio Environmental Protection Agency said flood control, recreation, and water quality benefits were overstated, and the National EPA called it "a bad project."

"I just lost hope," explained one woman. "I still say the Pledge of Allegiance, but not 'with justice for all.' Caesar Creek did not receive justice. . . ."

- Between all the demands for the lake's water, there were discrepancies which meant that one or more of the demands could not be met.
- The Federal Water Pollution Control Agency said lake benefits would last only 50 years, not 100 as the Corps contended.
- There would be serious pollution problems in the lake itself.

In the spring of 1975, Brown, who had promised conservationists he would not abandon court action against the Corps, made a deal with the engineers and dismissed his case. He agreed to drop the case if the Corps made changes in how water was released from the dam, in an attempt to lessen pollution.

Since the state was principal litigant, the intervening conservation groups were unable to proceed on their own. Mike Fremont, president of Rivers Unlimited, alleged that the promised changes were inconsequential. He contended the state had misled the conservationists and said they had been "sold out."

Said Fremont: "It was an incredible breach of faith. We were sick. We never knew what happened for sure. Political unwisdom, a payoff somewhere, an attempt to get the conservation vote. But there was no question in our minds that we had a good case . . . ."

It is now the fall of 1976. New Burlington is gone, and so are most of the people along Caesar Creek. The dam is almost finished and private timber companies are clear-cutting in the pool area. Many of the farmers who were forced to sell have moved into small brick ranch houses on lots where they can be seen in warm weather wearing old field clothes, puttering incongruously about their small, tidy yards. In many of the houses are sentimental oil paintings of the farmhouses, barns and fields they once owned.

Inflated development prices threaten the remaining farmers and some of them believe it is the beginning of the end of farming in the counties of the lake project. Antique dealers, a pro-dam lobby, consider prosperity in the nearby town of Waynesville where there are 21 of them in a four-block area. For the most part, the artifacts of a previous life in the Caesar Creek area can be found in a saccharine enterprise called "Pioneer Village." It is suggestive of a time to be when all but the current, designed moment will be viewed through glass.

Vernon Stiles, nearing 80, who received $8,000 for his two-story, nine-room house on a three-quarter acre plot in New Burlington (the Corps settled with the Stiles on their 41st wedding anniversary) is now making house payments. The widows—those who survived—are scattered, to rest homes, trailer parks and homes of sons and daughters.

There has been illness, suicide, death, isolation and the disintegration of families. The distribution of blame in such acid human events is an inexact science. Yet there is no doubt the Corps serves as a catalyst. It is a mercenary force on the American landscape ("except for the Soviet Union," said former Senator Eugene McCarthy, about the Corps, "they are the toughest foreign power we have to deal with"), operating at small profit and awesome damage.

And the old people of New Burlington continue to worry about their graveyard which is on a hill above the demolished village. The engineers say it will not be touched. The villagers themselves are not certain. They think that even in death they might not be safe from the Corps of Engineers.●

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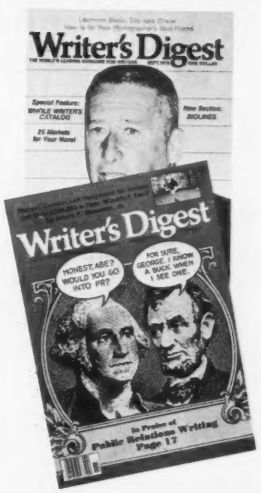
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WHEN HUNTERS BECOME THE HUNTED

Some 22 million hunters are taking to the fields in search of sport and game. Hundreds will never return

By Craig Waters

November 15 was a clear, cold day in northern Michigan. The sun was bright, the air tinged with ice. It was a perfect day for football, or for hunting. Tom Gruenberg rubbed his hands together as though they were stiff. He was starting a fire; slowly, a bit of warmth came back to his hands. He thought about the hand warmer he had left back in camp—a lot of good it was doing him there.

His father had already killed a deer, and now Tom was waiting for his. He sat in an aluminum lawn chair, in a deer blind on the back side of a grove of trees. He was less than thirty feet from the deer trail, but completely hidden by a heavy undergrowth of oak and evergreens. He cupped his hands and blew into them; the hot, moist air seeped between his fingers like steam escaping from a manhole. As the steam departed, the cold returned.

There was a faint scuffle of sound behind him and, as Tom turned, a shot. The bullet struck Tom Gruenberg in the back, 9 inches above the bottom of his jacket; it exited from his gut.

The 1976–77 hunting season has begun. Some 22 million hunters are expected to invade the forests of Maine, the fields of Kansas, and the mountain chapparal of California, escaping the warm domesticity of their homes. During their day in the field, they will lay waste to worlds of deer and duck, to generations of quail and rabbit and bear.

And they will kill hundreds of men, women and children.

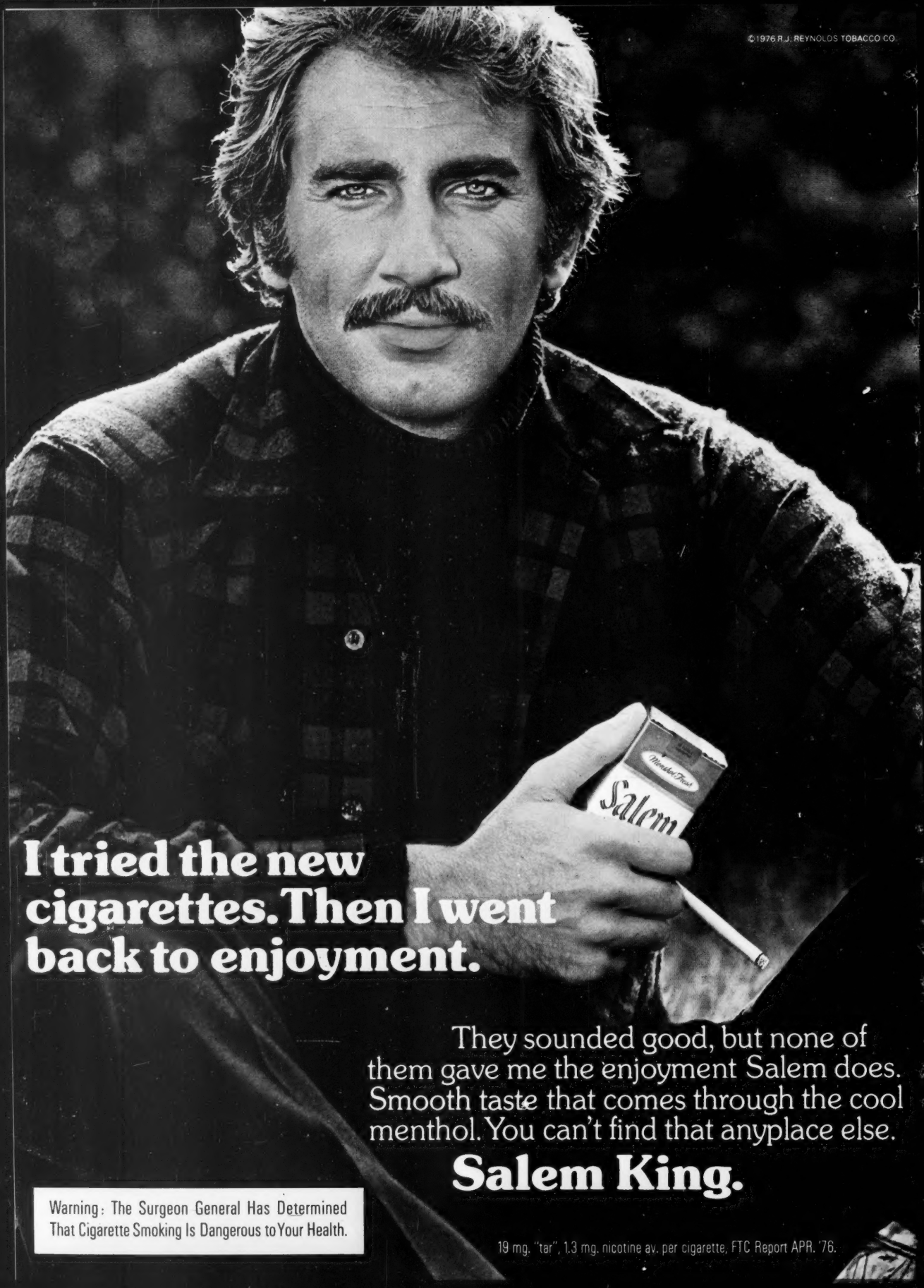
During the hunting season of 1974–75 (the most recent season for which figures are available), hunting accidents took the lives of at least 700 people, according to the National Safety Council. (State figures, notoriously incomplete, count 337 fatalities.) All indications are that the number of accidents, and the number of victims, increased the following season. It is not, by contemporary standards, a major or even a significant bloodletting. It does not compare to the mass annihilation of war, or to the gross carnage ground out by the automobile. In 1974, more than 46,000 Americans died on the nation's highways; 1,687 were killed in airplane crashes, and another 1,579 perished in boating accidents. Hunting is significantly safer than skiing.

But each death is a tragedy nonetheless. A tragedy because, in the vast majority of cases, the victim is shot by a relative or close friend. A father kills his son; one brother takes the life of another. It is a tradition as old as Cain and Abel. And a tragedy because, in all except a handful of instances, the accident could have been avoided.

Man has hunted since the dawn of time. He knows what circumstances and practices precipitate accidents, and has learned how to avoid them. The National Rifle Association, state game commissions, hunting organizations and others have developed comprehensive hunter safety courses; the NRA curriculum covers every aspect of hunting from ethics to fundamentals of shooting to wilderness survival. All of the courses bespeak a passion for safety; if the practices they preach are followed, it is virtually impossible for one hunter to shoot another. Since Utah instituted its mandatory Hunter Education Program in 1957, the number of accidents has plummeted from 126 to 14 (in 1975); and only five of the 14 were fatal. This despite the fact that the number of licensed hunters nearly doubled during the same period of time.

Despite the efficacy of such programs, hunters continue to be killed. The roll call of victims continues to grow for a number of reasons: the vast majority of hunters are not hunter safety certified. Only 21 states—Colorado, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklaho-

ILLUSTRATION BY CRAIG SMITH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ma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming—currently require such training. And even they hedge with their legislation: most mandate courses only for hunters who are taking out their first license; those who have hunted in the past, or are from out of state, are exempt.

Of the 10 states which recorded the most hunting fatalities during the 1974-75 season, eight—Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Michigan, New York, Texas and Virginia—had no instruction requirements at all.

Hunters, whether trained or not, frequently disregard recommended procedures while in the field. There is little need to observe them: it is impossible for game officers to patrol thousands of acres of wilderness; and, even when accidents do occur, penalties are light or nonexistent. The largest fine exacted in one recent year was $229; the hunter had shot and killed two children who were riding bicycles on a public highway.

Periodically, there are rumors of *premeditated* accidents. If, in fact, a person has murder in mind, he's well advised to invite his victim hunting; not even Barnaby Jones will find out.

Until there are strong laws and strict enforcement, ignorance, carelessness and arrogant bravado will continue to byline tragedies, and an occasional black comedy, in the nation's newspapers:

• "At least six hunters, two of them 15 years old, were shot to death during the first 48 hours of the deer hunting season. . . ." UPI

• "FAYETTEVILLE—A 16-year-old Wilmington boy, wearing a squirrel-skin cap, was shot to death Saturday morning on a hunting trip with his cousin. Cumberland County Coroner Alph Clark said Archie Lee Butler III was killed when struck in the head by a bullet fired by his cousin, Willie Butler, 16. . . ." *Raleigh* (N.C.) *Times*

• "Officials said Fredrich's 17-year-old son, Michael, fired three shots at a deer which had doubled back while members of the party were making a drive. One of the shots struck Fredrich in the right hip. He was dead on arrival at a Rhinelander hospital." *Capital Times* (Madison, Wis.)

• "KALISPELL, Mont., Nov. 23—An 18-year-old Kalispell deer hunter has been shot to death only 10 days after his father died in a hunting accident." AP

The sun had set more than half an hour before, but Frank Madera and Bob Anthony were reluctant to leave. Color had already fled the hills outside of Guerneville, California, the earth, the brush and the sky were light and dark masses of gray, but still the two men pushed through the thick chaparral, lusting for a deer.

Madera's wife, Laura, waited impatiently a short distance away.

The men, co-workers at Pacific Gas & Electric, had decided to spend their day off together. Though there was an 18-year difference in their ages—Madera was 33 and Anthony, 51—the two men enjoyed each other's company, and both loved to hunt. These hills, 60 miles north of San Francisco and just 10 miles west of their Healdsburg homes, was one of their favorite spots.

It was mid-August, and the day was hot, but pleasant; a light breeze curled up off the Pacific five miles away. Together, Madera and Anthony combed the landscape for game, zigzagging their way up and down the overgrown grades. In his feathered cap and camouflaged hunting suit, Madera resembled a latter-day Robin Hood. The trek was tiring, but the two men stopped only for an occasional breather, and once to have a few drinks. Then the hunt resumed.

A hunter was plunking shots into the barn door. "Get the hell out of here," yelled the owner. The hunter took two more shots and asked "Who's got the gun here, friend?"

It was still on at 8:15. The sky was waxing black, and Laura, who had come along for the pleasure of her husband's company, was anxious to start home. The men knew that it was too dark to be shooting, but harbored a faint hope that luck would strike; they were about to abandon it when, suddenly, Anthony spotted the rack of a four-point buck above a thicket of brush.

With a grace perfected by 35 years practice, he raised his 30-06 Winchester, aimed, and, with a prayer of thanks, fired. A feathered cap flew into the air. Behind the brush, something fell to the ground, groaned once, and was still.

"My god," Anthony moaned. He charged into the brush, and, coming out on the opposite side, found a scene far worse than he had feared. The shell had struck his friend on the left side of the head just below the eyes, and had exited by the right ear. The mushroom-shaped lump of lead had torn away the front and top of the head, and had blown away its contents. Bits of bone and brain matter spackled the earth and trees.

Frank Madera, 33, of Healdsburg, California, was dead.

And all Anthony could do was tell his friend's waiting wife.

Though the principal beneficiaries of safe hunting laws, hunters violently resist such legislation. Committed, in theory, to safety at any cost, they are vehemently opposed, in practice, to anything which restricts their activities. It is not unlike being *for* safe highways, but *against* the testing of drivers; as a symbol of the American Way, the automobile takes a back seat to guns.

The National Shooting Sports Foundation preaches that "The rewards of hunting are physical, emotional and in many cases spiritual," and professional hunter Charles Askins, possibly taking his cue from Marx, writes that: "Hunting is a glorious sort of vice working its narcotic with all of the efficacy of the ubiquitous poppy." Which may explain the strange behavior of some hunters.

An estimated 22 million persons—or approximately one American in 10—are hunters; we have more *hunters* than Mormons, or Jews, or Southern Baptists, or Episcopalians. The National Rifle Association, with a membership of one million plus, is larger than all but three of the country's labor unions. It has a staff of over 250 full-time employees, an annual budget of about $10 million and assets totaling more than $24 million. Grass-roots membership and grass-roots resources make the NRA a spectacularly effective special interest agent. Whenever government threatens to curtail hunters' rugged individualism, the organization launches an expensive and, invariably, successful lobbying campaign. "The lobby's ability to elicit letters from its constituency is phenomenal," Massachusetts Representative Michael Harrington notes. The NRA's goals are shared by arms manufacturers who have never hesitated to buy some consideration via generous contributions to political campaigns. Hunting, after all, is big business: last year hunters shelled out more than $1.25 billion for the pleasure and approximately 35 percent of that was spent on equipment.

It is not surprising, then, that less than half of the 50 states require *any* hunter safety training, or the use of hunter orange, or mandatory marksmanship tests. Not even property rights take

Craig Waters is an associate editor of *Boston* magazine.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE KIRKLAND/TIME-LIFE PICTURE AGENCY © TIME INC.

Overkill: near large cities, fields may be populated by more hunters than game.

precedence over the hunter's—in many states, hunters are free to hunt on private land unless No Hunting or No Trespassing signs are posted every 50 feet; and, even then, the signs may serve no purpose other than target practice.

The consequences are predictable, but nonetheless frightening: in California, a 28-year-old welder attempts to quick-draw a pistol, but shoots himself in the thigh and hits an artery; he bleeds to death within three minutes. In Texas, a youngster who tries the same trick blows off his right kneecap. A duck hunter who accidentally fires at another hunter's decoys is promptly blasted by the owner. A Columbia County, Wis., sheriff reports that over-zealous hunters are climbing fences, tearing down No Trespassing signs and shooting at houses; he notes, "One owner called in madder than heck saying a carload of hunters had spotted a pheasant in the middle of his cattle. They jumped out and took a shot at it without a care about the cows. Luckily, none of the cows was hit." In New York, a city slicker *bags* a cow and takes it to a weigh-in station.

Carol Koury, the head of the Massachusetts office of Fund For Animals, walks with her parents up the dirt road to their summer home, and finds a hunter plunking shots into the door of their barn. Her father is incensed: "What do you think you're doing?" he demands. "Get the hell out of here!"

The hunter squeezes off two more shots, then turns and faces Fred Koury. "Who's got the gun here, friend?" he asks. Slowly, he bends, picks up the dead rabbit lying at his feet, and swings it over his shoulder, flecking the air with its blood; then, when he is ready, he leaves.

A few states, and most other countries, take a somewhat more limited view of the freedom to hunt; they regard it not as each citizen's birthright, but rather as a privilege to be earned. In Wyoming, hunters must obtain the owner's written permission before they hunt on private property. Norway requires its big game hunters to pass an exacting marksmanship test. In West Germany, the price of a license is a rigorous year-long course, plus high marks on the final exam; and a "concession," which permits a hunter to shoot on private lands, may cost from $3,000 to $40,000.

Such requirements restrict the number and activities of hunters, while upgrading their qualifications. West Germany's 250.000 licensed hunters represent only .4 percent of the country's 62 million residents, which contrasts sharply with a 10 percent figure for the United States. A German forester observes: "There are occasional attempts to insist on the right to hunt for every citizen, but they never get anywhere." For the time being, hunters short of deutschmarks must be invited to hunt by concessionaries who are friends or who need help controlling the deer population. The result is that your average German hunter is a safer and more proficient hunter than our typical Dan'l Boone: less than half a dozen die in hunting accidents each year. During the 1974–75 season, American hunters shot and wounded more than 2,500 people according to state figures. The National Safety Council reports a more realistic figure of 5,500.

Blam! As easy as that.

Alvin Brown savored the moment, indulging the anticipation.

It was November 15, the first day of Missouri's deer hunting season, and Callaway County, halfway between St. Louis and Kansas City, was an ideal spot to be. The skies were clear, the air unseasonably warm, and the deer fat and anxious to die.

Brown, his father and three of their friends had spent the first hours of the day wandering among the wooded hills of his father's property, and now, their path and good fortune's had crossed. Alvin Brown squinted down the length of his barrel at the buck.

So easy.

He pulled the trigger at the same moment his target moved. Instead of striking the heart or lungs, the shell exploded to the rear of the animal's body. The deer took off, maneuvering awkwardly, and disappeared among the trees.

Brown, George Harrington, an employee of the Wellsville Fire Brick Co., and Paul Medley, the manager of Kingdom of Callaway Estates, a nearby campground, began to follow the bloody trail; the other members of the party went off to find a deer of their own.

As the three men tracked the wounded animal, the cool restraint of the hunt was replaced by the abandon of the chase; they began to race through the woods. They were breathing heavily, and their faces were slick with sweat when they broke into the clearing. Harrington saw the buck first: it lay on its side not 30 feet away.

The buck lifted its head and saw the men. With a lowing grunt and a crippled snap of the neck, it attempted to wedge its front legs beneath its body. The men sprinted across the clearing, Harrington in front, Brown close behind. As he neared the deer, Harrington raised his Marlin 30-30 carbine, and clubbed the animal down.

The blow splintered the gunstock and the rifle fired. The shot passed over Harrington's shoulder, struck Brown in the chest, and showered out of his back.

Alvin Brown, 28, of Readsville, Mo., was dead on arrival at the Callaway County Hospital.

That afternoon, they brought in his deer.

As the number of hunters continues to grow, higher standards and stricter controls become virtually essential. In 1965, there were 13 million hunters in the United States; by 1969, the number had soared to 20 million, and now, seven years later, there are 2 million more. Before, it was like playing kick-the-can on a one-lane dirt road; now it's a game of blind-man's-bluff set on the Van Nuys Expressway.

"There are 700–800,000 hunters in the field on the first day of Pennsylvania's deer hunting season, and 950,000 on the first day of the general season," says Hunter Education Coordinator John Behel, "and they concentrate in certain areas of the state. Even if they used baseball bats, there would be some accidents."

The penalties for failing to follow hunting laws are often light: in a recent year, the largest fine was $229. The hunter had shot and killed two children who were riding bicycles

For most of these men and boys, hunting is not a way of life. They have not grown up in forest and field, patiently learning nature's ways. These hunters—attorneys, welders, high school students, accountants—have no need for the game they kill, and little respect for its source. Hunting is a divertissement, a different way to spend one's weekend; it is a brutal game which people other than pro athletes can play.

For all too many, hunting has become a perverse symbol of their mastery over life. The pleasure of being outdoors, the pride engendered by skill, matter less than the fact that they can kill. In Lenox, Mass., hunters shoot two fallow deer in pens at a private zoo. In Amagansett, N.Y., a truckload of hunters slows as it passes a house in order to shoot the family's collie puppy: it is Christmas Eve.

"They've never had a chance to be in the wilderness," observes Carol Koury. "They live in cities, and in the suburbs of cities, and two or three times a year, they load their gun, pick up a couple of six-packs, and raise some hell in the woods. It's impossible for them to behave naturally in what, for them, is such an unnatural setting."

A columnist for the Madison, Wisconsin, *State Journal* reached an equally disturbing conclusion after taking a short drive last November. James Selk told his readers: "On a 40-mile stretch between Mauston and Pittsville, I saw a traffic jam of cars and trucks and campers crowded onto shoulders and pulloffs.

"I saw hundreds of orange-clad hunters stalking their prey in large groups a few hundred yards off the highway. I saw a wounded deer limping across the road and several others, panicked, chased across the road by men and small boys blazing away with their guns. I saw huge blotches of blood and gore at close intervals on the highway.

"At one . . . spot, I saw a bloody carcass, split in two, half on one side of the road, half on the other . . . .

"I took a different route back and found much the same thing. . . . crowds of hunters among cars and trucks, apparently discussing their next forays into the brush; panicked deer, blood, cars with gutted deer lashed to bloody bumpers . . . .

"Maybe all the slob hunters were on those small stretches of road last weekend but I doubt it. I think that they represented a pretty fair cross section of the entire breed."

Tom Gruenberg was 15, a ninth grade student at Flushing High School in Flushing, Mich. His 17-year-old sister, Julie, whose birthday he shared, was a student at the same school. His father, Paul, was a supervisor with General Motors' parts division in Flushing; his mother, Marilyn, was ill with cancer. Like his father, Tom Gruenberg loved the outdoors and horses. He owned a half-Arab mare named Ginger, and intended to become a horse breeder. He was a tall, blonde boy with handsome features; his parents had invested $3,000 in orthodontics. He was a good student, played varsity basketball, and sang with the State Junior Honors Choir. On the morning of November 15, 1975, he went hunting with his father; he was shot in the back by a stranger.

He is dead.

"Even if he wasn't my son, I would have liked him," his father said, "but he was my son . . . and I loved him. And my heart aches every day since I lost him. . . . I feel bad that he's not here to share hunting with me anymore."●

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Private Eye, the world's most corrosive satire magazine, has alternately been charged with bringing down the British crown and keeping up sagging spirits. Now, in what might prove its last laugh, the _Eye_ is facing yet another charge—criminal libel **By Anthony Haden-Guest**

THE PRIVATE EYE SCANDAL

A gossip columnist in an unduly flared suit had just delivered himself of some choice morsels concerning, variously, an eccentric politician, an aging rock star, and the former Mrs. Rex Harrison. An Irish journalist had graphically described certain governmental foul-ups concerning her native soil. Peter Cook, the actor, was describing a Caribbean evening spent watching rich Britons dancing to reggae, and how a rastaman explained the lyrics. "What they are sayin'," Cook repeated, "is 'fuck off, whitey!' "

He poured a further glass of wine, which was not exactly undrinkable, because journalists find nothing undrinkable, but came close. The food was, for that matter, indifferent, the venue a drab upstairs room in one of the less prepossessing bits of London, and the conversation was unrelievedly slanderous. It was, in short, typical of the Wednesday luncheons given by the "satire" magazine, *Private Eye,* which are normally one of the most bracing and uninhibited features of British life.

"Normally" is the word. The mood today was, I fancied, a touch sombre. Conversation kept glancing back to the same subject. In fact, the same person, referred to as "Goldshit" or, sometimes, "Goldenballs." Namely, an ebullient multi-millionaire, Sir James Goldsmith, now busily suing the magazine, its publisher, its distributor, and, especially, its editor, Richard Ingrams, who was sitting at the end of the table, abstractedly toying with—he does not drink alcohol—a glass of water.

Lawsuits have not, of course, been rare in *Private Eye*'s fifteen-year history, but this one is a lulu. More than a hundred writs have been issued so far, several of which are for *criminal* libel. People in Britain don't *sue* newspapers for criminal libel. The last time it happened was 1923 when Winston Churchill sued Lord Alfred Douglas, sometime playfellow of Oscar Wilde, for suggesting in a broadsheet that he, Churchill, had misreported a naval battle to make a stock market killing. Douglas got six months. This case, which is in court this week, could put Ingrams in jail. It could close *Private Eye*.

But there is more to it than this. The case has acquired an emblematic stature beyond the tribulations of a scandal mag, however loved and loathed, which sells only 120,000 copies and makes $6,500 a year. There is nothing quite like a good court case—think of Wilde, Scopes, Dreyfus, Perry Mason—especially in times of trouble, when something seems to have splintered in the national psyche. It is a time for the picking of sides. And *Private Eye* is as good a *casus belli* as any. Politicians, civil servants, financiers and journalists read it with an often-horrified fascination. There are those, including plenty of worthy liberals, who regard *Private Eye* as a national disgrace. And there are those, including plenty of conservatives, who look on it as one of the last voices of an unruly, but energetic, Britain.

Certainly, the drama has a dazzling cast. Roles, from leading to walk-on, have been allotted not just to Goldsmith and Ingrams, but go-go financier, Jim Slater, the *stupor mundi* of the sixties, and wipe-out of the seventies; John Poulson and T. Dan Smith, wheeler-dealers who proved that political corruption is not the monopoly of the Lockheed Corporation; the last, but not des-

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Anthony Haden-Guest is a British journalist presently living in New York.

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perately lamented, British Prime Minister, Sir Harold Wilson; and Lord ("Lucky") Lucan, the gaming earl, who disappeared after he absent-mindedly slaughtered his nanny, mistaking her for his wife.

Nor are ruin, corruption and murder the only subsidiary themes. Add press freedom, suicide, and allegations concerning anti-semitism, blackmail and political extremism. Ingrams professes to see in Goldsmith only one more example of a type that the *Eye* has often done battle with in the past, a playboy financier with an inclination for cutting corners. Goldsmith is more specific about the aim of *Private Eye*. "This is a systematic campaign," he told me. "They are working to discredit institutions like the Bank of England. And moderate politicans like Heath and Callaghan, and, of course, Jeremy Thorpe." He paused—Liberal leader Thorpe had been pulled down, partly through *Eye* ribaldry concerning a relationship with a male model—and added, "Even the Monarchy. . . ."

The magazine's birth in 1961 was unattended by portents. It was started by three youths who had attended the same private school in the south of England: Ingrams; a rumbustious cartoonist, William Rushton; and a bespectacled ectomorph, Christopher Booker. It so happened that I was sharing a basement apartment with Booker at the time and I remember *numero uno* of the mag being delivered for inspection. I thought that (a) any college could do something better, and (b) it was in for a short, uneventful life. Brilliant, predictive stuff. Anyway, *Private Eye* acquired an office, on Greek Street, Soho. And, more; it acquired a landscape.

Consider this. Both on Left and Right, the fifties in Britain had been humorless, smug, but sub-surface pressures had been building. *Private Eye* was one eruption, but there were others. The mildly anarchic revue, *Beyond the Fringe*, was a smash, and it suggested the collegiate nature of the whole phenomenon that two of the performers, Alan Bennett and Jonathan Miller, were from Oxford, the other two, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, from Cambridge. The other end of Greek Street from the *Eye* boasted a "satirical night-club," which specialized in knockabout political humor. It was called The Establishment, and the co-founder was Peter Cook.

Mass media were panting just behind. A "satire" program was planned. Peter Cook, the first choice for link-man, was unavailable, being engaged in wowing Broadway. The job finally went to

David Frost. The show, *That Was The Week That Was,* was a sensation. Amongst its writers, Christopher Booker, and amongst its actors, William Rushton. Control of *Private Eye* devolved onto Richard Ingrams.

The years have brought a few changes—Cook came in as publisher, which is to say moneybags—but have done little to alter the fortnightly formula. The printing used to be as crude as the humor. The printing is now marginally improved. Regular constituent parts include the following:

The cover photograph, almost invariably of people in the news, with inventive speech balloons affixed. (One example of a few weeks back shows Ford and Kissinger, side by side. FORD: *There are no Russians in Russia.* KISSINGER: [smiling merrily] *Nearly right.*) Inside there is an "editorial" from the fictitious proprietor, "Lord Gnome," a not-particularly-veiled reference to the late press magnate, Lord Beaverbrook. This editorial, as Mr. Justice Goff said rather finely this June, "expresses views derived in part from public statements made by public figures in such a manner as to make such views appear ridiculous."

Also: a gossip column dealing with the foibles of the rich and famous, signed "Grovel." Sample recent item: *My dear friend Princess Margaret tells me how she and Brenda*—the mag's pet name for the Queen—*are combating the possibility of another drought. Signs in the loo of Kensington Palace and Buck House* (Buckingham Palace) *bear the legend: "Don't pull for a pee."*

Also: a column dealing with the eccentricities of Parliament, and another one—signed "Slicker"—examining doings in the world of high finance. A feature entitled "Pseuds Corner," quoting stuff which the *Eye* finds pretentious.

Also: a great many cartoons, usually in a surreal-caustic vein. Also, "Auberon Waugh's Diary," which is written by the son of Evelyn Waugh with a raging humor that seldom strays this side of the acceptable (For some time now he has been describing an Irish earl as a "graceful Negro art dealer"). Much other matter and, finally, "Business News," wherein are to be found the longer stories. Usually well-researched stretches of hard news in sensitive—e.g., highly libellous—areas.

It's quite a mishmash; in short, a juxtaposition of the frivolous and the doggedly serious, the venomously truthful and the comic fantasia, which is oddly enigmatic. *Private Eye* is in no sense a countercultural voice (One savage, intermittent feature is a dingbat diatribe of Maoist-psychedelicatessen attributed to a student militant). It defines itself not as an alternative but a Waspish parasite.

How clear a definition emerges? Nothing, in terms of politics. Ingrams describes himself, taciturnly, as "rather anarchic." His colleagues and contributors arrive from every reading on the ideological compass. Auberon Waugh is widely regarded as so far out in the right field that, when he did a series of documentaries for the BBC, they publicly dissociated themselves from his opinions. (His view of the "New Toryism" can perhaps be divined from his bland remark vis-à-vis the last Tory prime minister that "*In any civilized country, Heath would have been left hanging upside-down on a petrol pump long ago.*") Paul Foot, who used to research the hard news, is a diligent Trotskyite, and finally departed to the propagandist *Socialist Worker.* Patrick Marnham, who edits most of the "Grovel" column calls himself a Liberal, and is one of Fleet Street's few outspoken anti-Zionists. And most of the contributors are, I would guess, moderates, which is to say cheerful opportunists, and brought together by one common trait: a love of wild and tasteless gossip.

Unquestionably, *Private Eye* has,

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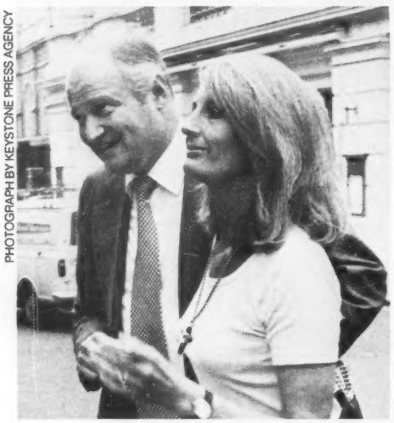
in its time, turned over a great many flat stones. But for the meticulous uncovering of the connection between Reginald Maudling, former deputy prime minster, and the Real Estate Fund of America, Maudling might well now be prime minister. It is difficult to imagine the national economy in a worse state but, with the somnolent Maudling at its head, not impossible. *Private Eye* has opened doors on financial and political scandals which, had it been left to the conventional press, would still be firmly closed. But, flailing out as the writers do at the bad and the ugly, it is only to be expected that they should sometimes have clobbered the (well, moderately) good.

The cast list is extensive, and much of it is expressed in gleeful slang. Wilson is "Wislon," Heath is "Grocer." Love-making, usually illicit, is described as "discussing Uganda." Some people figure prominently, more or less as private editorial jokes. And the *Eye* is (sometimes) accused of less appealing traits: Philistinism, anti-homosexuality and racism. Specifically, anti-semitism.



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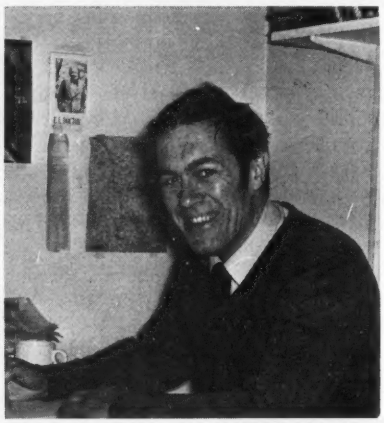

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God save the Queen: Goldsmith (left) charges *Eye* editor Ingrams (right) with discrediting institutions like the Bank of England. "Even," he says, "the Monarchy. . . ."

Well, there are jokes aplenty about the ludicrous Ugandan leader, Idi Amin. Also "pooves," art critics and oil sheikhs. And I can't find it very significant. There is in it much of the schoolboy joyfully breaking taboos. And there *is* much of the schoolboyish in *Private Eye*. The slanginess, the brutal vigor, the Puritanism and the sexual prurience, and, mostly perhaps, the anger at a world that isn't quite up to scratch. The lashing out at things that offend them. On December 12 they lashed out at Jimmy Goldsmith.

It was not, of course, quite the first time. As far back as August 1974, "Grovel" had revealed that Harold Lever, a finance minister, was playing backgammon with Goldsmith when he should have been out legislating. Goldsmith has, after all, become quite a considerable figure. Goldsmith's family arrived in Britain from Frankfurt some time last century. His father, a Conservative, beat George Bernard Shaw in a local election, and finally became a Tory Member of Parliament.

Jimmy Goldsmith was sent to Eton, which, he says, he left at seventeen of his own free will (*Private Eye* is dubious), and entered with gusto into the life of a playboy. His first brush with headlines was when he eloped, much against her parents' wishes, with the daughter of the Bolivian tin magnate, Antenor Patino (she was to die of a cerebral hemorrhage). In his early thirties, Goldsmith went into business. His second venture was Cavenham Foods. Cavenham, after a ropey period some ten years back when it was examined rather closely by the authorities, has become the third biggest food firm in Europe, and, in the United States, owns a controlling chunk of the supermarket chain, Grand Union.

His power waxed further last year, when he acquired control of the conglomerate, Slater Walker, from the tottering Jim Slater. It was, by now, known that Goldsmith was entertaining ambitions outside business. He made no secret of his ambition to become a press lord, and was rumored to have put in bids for two major British papers, *The Observer* and *The Times*. Further ambitions were speculated. It is no secret that Goldsmith feels that Britain is being undermined by leftists. The thrills of backgammon and the board room were no longer quite enough. He wanted (it was said) a political role. Perhaps a title.

It was at this moment that the *Eye* published. What they published was a lengthy piece elucidating the relationship between Goldsmith and the missing nanny-murderer, Lord Lucan. Goldsmith (they claimed) had been present at a meeting of Lucan intimates at which it was decided *not* to help the police with their inquiries. The article further mentioned a previous attempt by Goldsmith to suppress an article, went into his love life, and blamed him for the suicide of a former intimate, a man-about-town, who had felt the weight of Goldsmith's displeasure concerning certain disclosures about the Lucan murder mystery published in the London *Sunday Times*.

The next issue of *Private Eye* (December 26) dwelt in exuberant detail upon Goldsmith's connections with the unhappy Jim Slater who, as I write, is attempting to avoid extradition to Singapore. On January 9, they pointed out that one of Goldsmith's directors, a solicitor named Eric Levine, had interesting connections with two North of England worthies, John Poulson and T. Dan Smith, currently in jail for political bribery and corruption.

"I didn't used to mind all that stuff about being Shit-of-the-Year and Bigamist-of-the-Year," Goldsmith told me, with a somewhat mirthless laugh. But this, it seems, was going too far. "I was never at any meal," Goldsmith added. "I happened to be giving a speech to a thousand Irish chartered accountants in Killarney at the time." Goldsmith issued no fewer than forty writs.

Why, I asked, for criminal libel?

"How else can you stop a campaign which goes on and on?" asked Goldsmith. "If you take an action for civil libel, you have to wait for two years. They would have had a two-year free run, issue after issue. That was what the criminal libel act was for. It was only to be used to try and stop a totally reckless campaign. . . ."

Ingrams has a different theory. "In October of '75, Frostie introduced Goldshit to Falkender and Wislon," he says (David Frost; Goldsmith; Lady Falkender, Wilson's aide; Wilson). "I think that he was persuaded he was wasting time with the Tory party."

Ingrams, in brief, suggests that there was a deal. The crushing of *Private Eye* for a peerage. A devious theory, unsupported by evidence. But deviousness did begin to burgeon at this period. It was, for instance, discovered that Goldsmith had set private eyes, real ones, to rifling the dustbins, hoping thereby to uncover the *Eye* sources. Apparently, successfully. "Then they sent a message to us," Ingrams says, "saying, 'There's a traitor in your camp!' "

On one baroque occasion, according to Ingrams, a florid Goldsmith envoy was sent around to a local pub to issue a warning to two contributors. "He said, 'You've made a great mistake going after Goldsmith. It's like going after a tiger

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with a peashooter.'"

Ingrams, a burly man, who customarily wears tweeds with leather-patched elbows, hurried around to the pub to examine the scene. The florid man departed rapidly by another door. "Apparently," says Ingrams, "under the impression that he was about to be subjected to physical *abuse.*"

The plot began to thicken. One *Private Eye* tipster was a corporate public relations man named John Addey, a skillful mover through the financial underbrush. He discovered that the sensitive Mr. Levine had been in a spot of bother with his first employer, a solicitor called Leslie Paisner. Editor Patrick Marnham went to see Paisner, and secured an affidavit.

Goldsmith had, meanwhile, learned what was going on. In the course of one day, he had little interviews with both Paisner and Addey. Afterward, Paisner withdrew his story; he now said that he had been going around telling malicious lies about Levine for ages. Addey also withdrew. He claimed that *Private Eye* had been blackmailing him, threatening to expose him as a homosexual.

It was round about now that the London *Daily Express* discovered that the coveted title was on its way: *It's Lord Goldsmith,* they trumpeted over the front page. The ensuing uproar cannot have delighted Jimmy Goldsmith.

Meanwhile, neither Addey nor Paisner felt able to show up in court in July when Goldsmith demanded an injunction to stop *Private Eye* from publishing information about himself or Levine. Addey was abroad, and Paisner was said by doctors to be sick, and suicidal. Goldsmith's attempt failed. A few days later, Paisner retired from his prosperous business.

More Goldsmith stories were trickling into *Private Eye.* More writs burgeoned forth, this time claiming contempt of court. Another jail offense.

Another journalist reported that Goldsmith had established a £250,000 fund, which could be drawn on by anybody who felt like suing the *Eye.* This was not disputed. *Private Eye,* for its part, had the "Goldenballs Fund," into which money was arriving in quite respectable amounts and, sometimes, from respectable and often from unexpected donors. (The financier, "Tiny" Rowlands of Lonrho, himself no stranger to maulings by "Slicker," gave £4,000.) Fundraising parties were given by, for instance, Phillippa Allen, wife of a former Harold Wilson aide, and by Kirsty Aitken, granddaughter of Lord Beaverbrook, the original Lord Gnome. "I had got into a bit of a panic about the money side and sent a begging letter to about thirty millionaires," Igrams tells me. "The Aga Khan, people like that. Only two replied. They said no. I was rather pleased. . . ."

On August 9, Richard Ingrams appeared on the contempt of court charges in front of Mr. Justice Goff, who refused to imprison him, but ordered fines and costs. A total of some £3,000.

The story is full of victims. John Addey is, at time of writing, still sitting atop his publicity firm (his board tried to ditch him, failed, and, mostly, resigned). Goldsmith never did get his title. And Ingrams admits that, to some extent, Goldsmith has won: "He has already succeeded in shutting us up."

The storm continues to rage. "George Weidenfeld says we are in league with the Rhodesian Secret Service," says Ingrams. "Dr. Jonathan Miller and Ken Tynan told me I had been corrupted by the columnists. They say it is like *Der Sturmer.* . . ." He sounds stoic rather than depressive.

Jimmy Goldsmith sounds in no mood to drop his vendetta. He will drop the case, he says, if the *Eye* publishes an apology in two newspapers and promises to check all facts with his office. "You will survive *more truthfully,*" commented Ingrams, in a kitsch-teutonic accent.

"They are a club, and I have great respect for the way they are organized," declares Goldsmith. "Some of them are associated politically. Some just like to be with it. Some just have a vague feeling about the freedom of the press.

"There are about forty or fifty of them, and you can find them through the media. They are extremists. Extremists of Left *and* Right, and they have henchmen in Parliament, who are also of the extremist type. They are excellently coordinated. And they have used their columns to create an atmosphere around me. It is like a drip feeding pus into the systems. Sooner or later, the whole system goes. . . . It is typical of a community in difficulty. It's the traditional thing when you have the breakdown of a culture."

And Richard Ingrams? He looks, somewhat despondently, at his glass of water. He alludes to the pessimism of Auberon ("Bron") Waugh, the darker decline-of-the-west pessimism of Malcolm Muggeridge. "Bron says that the rich have lost the will to fight," he observes, adding, "I think I take the Muggeridgean view."

The contempt case should be grinding away even now. It is all, one supposes, highly satiric. ●

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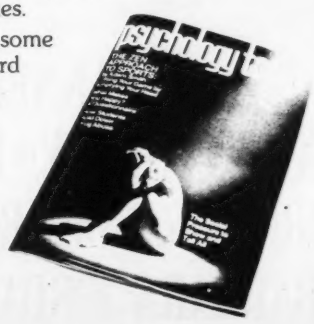


THE CONTINUATION OF GONE WITH THE WIND

STARRING

BLYTHE DANNER OR JANE FONDA OR MARY KAY PLACE AND
SEAN CONNERY OR ROBERT REDFORD OR MARLON BRANDO AND
DIRK BOGARDE OR ROBERT DENIRO OR KRIS KRISTOFFERSON AND
BARBARA JORDAN OR TINA TURNER OR ELIZABETH TAYLOR

GABLE, WHERE ARE YOU ...NOW THAT WE NEED YOU AGAIN

BY RICHARD CORLISS

"Tomorrow, I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day."

From the moment Scarlett O'Hara's famous last words appeared in print in 1936, the clamor began for a "continuation of" *Gone With the Wind*. Publishers assumed that author Margaret Mitchell had a sequel in mind when she allowed Rhett Butler, the roguish Confederate moneybags, to walk out on his tempestuous wife Scarlett at the moment she finally realized and declared her love for him. "My dear, I don't give a damn," became literature's most renowned kiss-off line. And Scarlett's equally famous resolution to get Rhett back "tomorrow" set off a worldwide demand for a sequel—a demand that has risen again with the NBC broadcasts of the movie (November 7 and 8), and will be answered next year when production begins on *The Continuation of Gone With the Wind*.

Readers pleaded with Miss Mitchell to tell them whether Scarlett and Rhett ever got back together. Rumors circulated of a "missing" final chapter suppressed by the author's publisher. A French magazine ran a contest for the five best final chapters. A woman posing as Margaret Mitchell traveled throughout the Southwest promising that "her" sequel would soon be published. And once the movie version was released to unprecedented acclaim, its producer, David O. Selznick, was begging the author to write a sequel, to be called *The Daughter of Scarlett O'Hara*—even though the movie had killed off the only daughter it let Scarlett have. But Miss Mitchell remained adamant: she never wrote another word of fiction, and refused to release her characters to be developed by someone else.

But now the executors of the Margaret Mitchell estate have done what the author herself refused all her life. And Richard Zanuck and David Brown, producers of *The Sting* and *Jaws*, are busy preparing the ultimate sequel (or rip-off): *The Continuation of Gone With the Wind*. Anne Edwards, best known for a gossipy biography of Judy Garland, is writing the script.

Meanwhile the producers have gone on the most publicized star-hunt since—well, since last winter, when Dino De Laurentiis, who's remaking *King Kong*, advertised in *Variety* for a "tall, well-built black man" to play the mighty monkey. Zanuck and Brown are hoping *their* campaign will recall a more momentous search: the one Selznick made for the original Scarlett O'Hara.

Virtually every Hollywood actress who was older than Shirley Temple and younger than Maria Ouspenskaya was considered for the part. Katharine Hepburn informed the world she was Miss Mitchell's choice for Scarlett (she was not). Bette Davis, as consolation for not getting the part, was given a very Scarlettish role in *Jezebel*. Strong-willed Southern girls who'd never been in more than a snapshot showed up on Miss Mitchell's doorstep pleading for a recommendation. Finally, in December 1938, as Selznick began shooting the burning of Atlanta, his brother Myron walked up to him with a little-known British actress named Vivien Leigh, and said, "I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara."

Scarlett is 29 when the original story ends in 1873; Rhett's in his late thirties. What Anne Edwards has dreamed up for the reunited Butlers is a closely guarded secret. Maybe they'll visit Little Big Horn, or join the Molly Maguires, or be implicated in the assassination of President Garfield. If they hang around long enough, they can interact with Harry Houdini, Evelyn Nesbit and the rest of the *Ragtime* gang. But for now we'll content ourselves with speculating on some of the more prominent contenders for the major roles in *The Continuation of Gone With the Wind*. Whether Zanuck and Brown will duplicate Selznick's good fortune remains to be seen. But they can't mind if the rest of us try to guess who the new Scarlett—and Rhett—should be.

The trick in casting *GWTW II* is not to be cautious: don't worry about matching actors with regional or personality stereotypes. Forty years ago, Selznick was more interested in star quality than Southern heritage. (Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio; Vivien Leigh in Darjeeling, India; Olivia de Havilland in Tokyo; and Leslie Howard in London, of Romanian parents.) Zanuck and Brown are playing the same game we are, and you can bet they'll be cagey but not cautious.

So jot down your choices and send them to *GWTW*, *New Times*, 1 Park Avenue, New York 10016. You have nothing to lose but a 13-cent stamp. Whoever guesses the most casting selections correctly wins; in case of a tie the winner will be chosen by a drawing. The prize: a week-long Windjammer cruise for two (the winner must provide transportation to the place where the cruise begins).

SCARLETT O'HARA

Blythe Danner: *Gone With the Wind* was Scarlett's story from beginning to end. And the movie was Vivien Leigh's. The Scarlett of *GWTW II* will need the same high-spirited intelligence, the same blend of vulnerability and resilience—and Miss Leigh's gifts of performance and star quality. Blythe Danner has it all, as she's shown on stage (in Tennessee Williams' *Eccentricities of a Nightingale*), screen (*Lovin' Molly*) and TV (the Hepburn role in *Adam's Rib*). In any other movie era, Blythe Danner would have been a star. *GWTW II* can do itself a favor and make her one.

THOM JACKSON/GLOBE PHOTOS

Jane Fonda: Her early lesso Southern decadence came sucking on Michael Caine's s phone in *Hurry Sundown*. She time as an American bird in R Vadim's *cage d'or*. In *They S Horses* and *Klute*, she liber herself from sexist stereoty Fonda's Scarlett would be s and spunky. No coquette "Rhett, we can beat the *together*!" A woman suff would give way to woman suffr Her co-stars: hubby Tom as R brother Peter as Ashley, fa Henry as the ghost of Ge O'Hara, and S.I. Hayakawa a kohama Mammy.

RHETT BUTLER

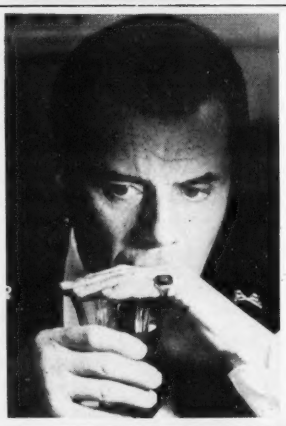
Robert Redford: Audiences today still swoon over Gable's movie-star gorgeousness; among current actors, only Redford has that quality. He's also got an intelligent passivity needed for Rhett, whose role (in the original) was basically to stand around waiting for Scarlett to say she loved him. Trouble with Redford is, you can imagine him standing around forever. Scarlett will need (and maybe want) an occasional smack in the chops; but Redford, ever the good liberal, is more likely just to shrug and hike off into the woods. In fact, Redford may be a closet Ashley.

OSCAR ABOLAFIA

Sean Connery: A vital, convin actor—and whadda hunk!—C nery could ride the Loch Ness M ster bareback, so why couldn' tame the wild, petulant Scarlett. years ago, when he was still bo in Bond, Connery's Rhett w have challenged Ashley to a (which he would have won by son-tipping his épée) and ca Scarlett off to Double-Oh-Se Oaks. Today Connery is stronger and more mellow. soulful glance from those b browns, and Scarlett would c *him* up the Tara staircase.

ASHLEY WILKES

Dirk Bogarde: Margaret Mitchell called Ashley "a failure . . . a tragic character . . . the greatest realist in the book." But in the movie, for all Leslie Howard's ministrations, he came across as a noble simp. In *GWTW II*, Ashley—freed from Melanie's cloying sanctity and aware of his (reciprocated) love for Scarlett—should be bolder and more interesting. Bogarde has played so many dissipated idealists that he could make a sulky, surly, sexy Ashley. You can see a feline grace in his manner—and a cat-o'-nine-tails hidden under his cloak.



Robert DeNiro: You first thin DeNiro as Rhett, if only beca he's been offered almost every cent major movie role. But one turned down was Gable in *G and Lombard*; so let's imagine as Ashley. In *Bang the Drum Sl* he was a sweet-tempered So erner. And in *1900* (a Ma GWTW) he plays a kind of Ita Ashley: a nice-guy patrician gets pushed around a lot. Besi moviegoers would have fun wai for DeNiro's Ashley to whip out saber and lay waste to Rhett-Scarlett—or the entire state Georgia.

MAMMY

Barbara Jordan: As incarnated by Hattie McDaniel, Mammy held the scepter of moral authority in her chubby hands—and often used it to beat some sense into Rhett and Scarlett. Who today exemplifies that authority better than the Congressperson from Texas? Who set a dignified tone on the Impeachment Committee? Who alone kept her fellow Democrats awake at the Convention? Now if only she hadn't lost so much weight. If only she'd gone to grad school in Oxford, Mississippi, instead of Oxford, England. If only she sounded more like Pearl Bailey and less like Dame Edith Evans.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Tina Turner: In the original, M my was all sweetness and heft. this is the seventies (the 187 and Mammy may need someth extra to combat *GWTW II*'s threats: the rapaciousness of Ku Klux Klan, and the succes *Mandingo* and *Drum*. Some meat is needed, and Tina T. fe on it. The new Mammy could honky-tonk woman who'd Rhett rollin' on a Mississippi ri boat. She could win over white ists with the power of posi slinking. She might even mak big in Grover Cleveland's Washi ton—by adding some bondag Mammy's discipline.

IRV STENBERG/GLOBE PHOTO

Mary Kay Place: As Loretta Haggers, Charlie's pride 'n joy and the Southern songbird of the Capri Lounge of the Rosemont Bowling Lanes, Mary Kay has earned a special place in the hearts of TV viewers. As Scarlett, she'd smother Rhett with love instead of fighting him—and get him into twice as much trouble. She'd be a real comfort to Rhett after his sorta disablin' huntin' accident, and she'd do her durndest to fight off both the conniving of Rhett's greedy first wife, Muriel Watling, and the attentions of that slick Bible-thumper, Ashley Jeeter.

Understudies In Scarlett

Faye Dunaway: because . . .
Jane Alexander: in the Blythe Danner class of great unsung actresses; her specialty: heroic masochism; her perfect role: Melanie
Lesley-Anne Down: the lovely, flighty Georgina of *Upstairs Downstairs*; did a screen test for Scarlett last season when she nursed some WWI soldiers
Barbra Streisand: the Second Avenue Scarlett; what eyes she could make at Rhett—but only if he's played by Marty Feldman
Rosalynn Carter: but only if Robert Shrum writes the script

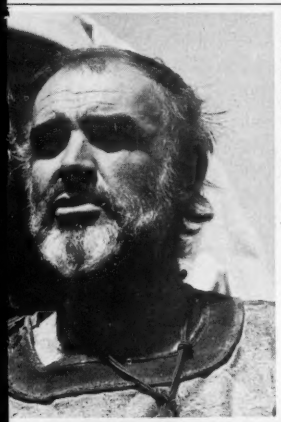
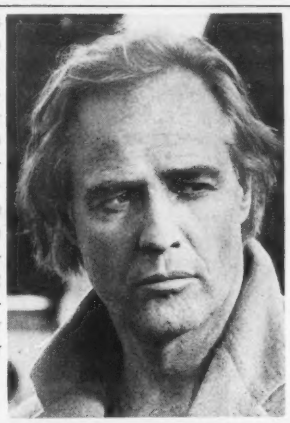


PHOTO TRENDS/SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

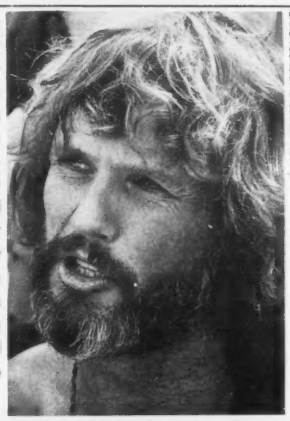
Marlon Brando: Twenty-five years ago, he played the divine Beast to Vivien Leigh's doomed Beauty (*A Streetcar Named Desire*); 15 years ago, in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, he remade Gable's Mr. Christian into a poop deck popinjay. No role—including Rhett—is beyond Brando, though many he's played have been beneath him. Already you can imagine him staring *through* Scarlett and muttering: "Frankly, I don't give a shit." Then again, with his increasing girth and his fondness for offbeat casting, he may well prefer to play Mammy—or Tara.



Favorite Sons

Clint Eastwood: the resilient loner side of Rhett, the sadomacho side of Gable
Warren Beatty: flinty smart, like Eastwood, but more amiable; Scarlett could give him a shampoo under the Tara dining room table
Jack Nicholson: he'd unionize the plantation workers, and grow dope in the magnolias
Chevy ("I'm Clark Gable and You're Not") **Chase:** just to see him take a pratfall down the Tara staircase
Paul Newman: for auld lang syne

Kris Kristofferson: If Rhett is going to get some competition, it may as well be from the world's humpiest Rhodes scholar. Kristofferson radiates a stoned sexuality that is the seventies equivalent of Leslie Howard's TLC. And after being devoured by schoolchildren in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*, and tussling with la Streisand in *A Star Is Born*, Kris might enjoy a holiday as poor Ashley. So how about an All-Opry *GWTW*? Dolly Parton as Scarlett, Buck Owens as Rhett, the Nashville Parthenon as Tara, and Charlie Pride as Mammy, the Oreo cook.



SHAUN CONSIDINE/GLOBE PHOTOS

Ashley Mountebanks

Hal Holbrook: from Mark Twain to Deep Throat, Mr. Versatile; he'd be a nice-guy Ashley
Richard Chamberlain: Ashley as a sinister fop
James Caan: Ashley as poor white trash
Burt Reynolds: James Caan with a talk-show sense of humor
Jack Ford: with Chris Evert as Scarlett, Jimmy Connors as Rhett, Renee Richards as Mammy
Gregg Allman: fill in the blanks
Earl Butz: for his knowledge of Southern agriculture and his understanding of Nigras' spiritual needs

GLOBE PHOTOS

Elizabeth Taylor: Barbara Jordan would have to put on an accent to play Mammy; Tina Turner would have to put on quite a few pounds. All Liz would need is a little burnt cork. In the fifties Liz played many Scarletty Southern belles. Now she's a whole belfry, and ready to lend her worldly experience and her capacious bosom to more maternal roles. Co-stars in this version: Pam Grier as Scorchy O'Hara, Richard Pryor as Rhett Buttons, Muhammad Ali (or Ken Norton) as Kareem Abdul-Wilkes, and Debbie Reynolds as Prissy. Title for this version: *Gone With the Wiz*.

Mammies In Waiting

Claudia McNeil: the matriarch of *Raisin in the Sun* and the Negro Ensemble Company
Flo Kennedy: you want a sassy Mammy? Flo's downright uppity
Odetta: Mammy could sing a genuine ethnic work song
Dionne Warwick: Mammy could sing a Top 40 ethnic work song by Burt Bacharach
Truman Capote: this Mammy sees all, tells all, knows nothing
Nancy Walker: my Yiddishe mammy; and when Scarlett starts crying over Rhett, Walker can dry the tears with the Quicker Picker-Upper

Movies

Precision drilling

By Richard Corliss

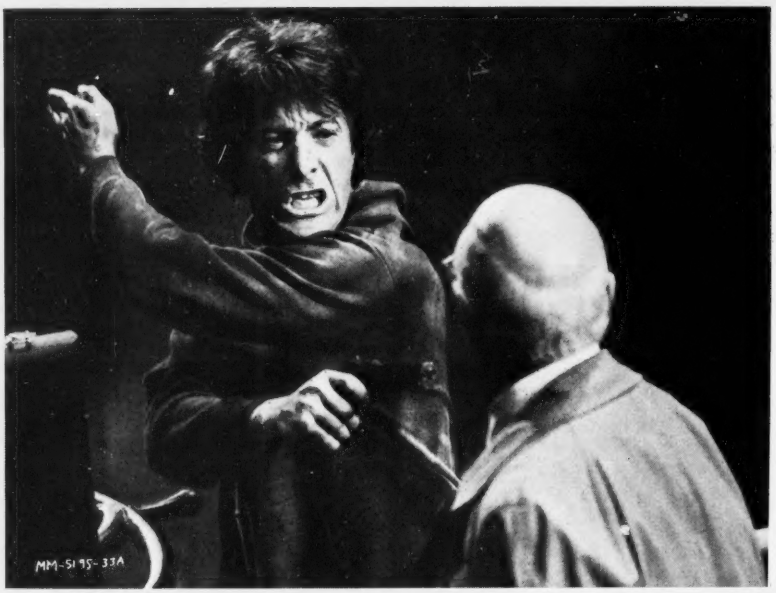
The statute of limitations on novels and movies about Nazi war criminals running amok in the Americas has almost expired. It's been more than 30 years since V-E Day, and most of the high-level Nazis—even those missing and presumed alive—would be too old by now to raise much hell, or even a little *Heil*. The Führer himself, frail and senescent, quietly celebrated his 87th birthday a few weeks ago in one of Bernard Bergman's rest homes on Long Island. He still avoids the press, saying only that David Frost has "expressed interest" in a proposed series of TV reminiscences.

But the creeping decrepitude of the twentieth century's definitive bad guys hasn't kept suspense novels about the Nazis' imminent takeover of the Western World from regularly scaling the Best Seller lists, like a schlock Sisyphus. This year's entry is Ira Levin's *The Boys from Brazil*, soon to be a Major Motion Picture; it's all about a nest of old Nazis cloning a new and better race of Hitler Youth. A couple of years ago, William Goldman had an even cleverer idea: to combine everybody's favorite paranoid fantasy (the Nazis) with everybody's favorite paranoid reality (dentists). Result: **Marathon Man,** which Goldman and director John Schlesinger have now made into a blue-blooded, white-knuckle thriller.

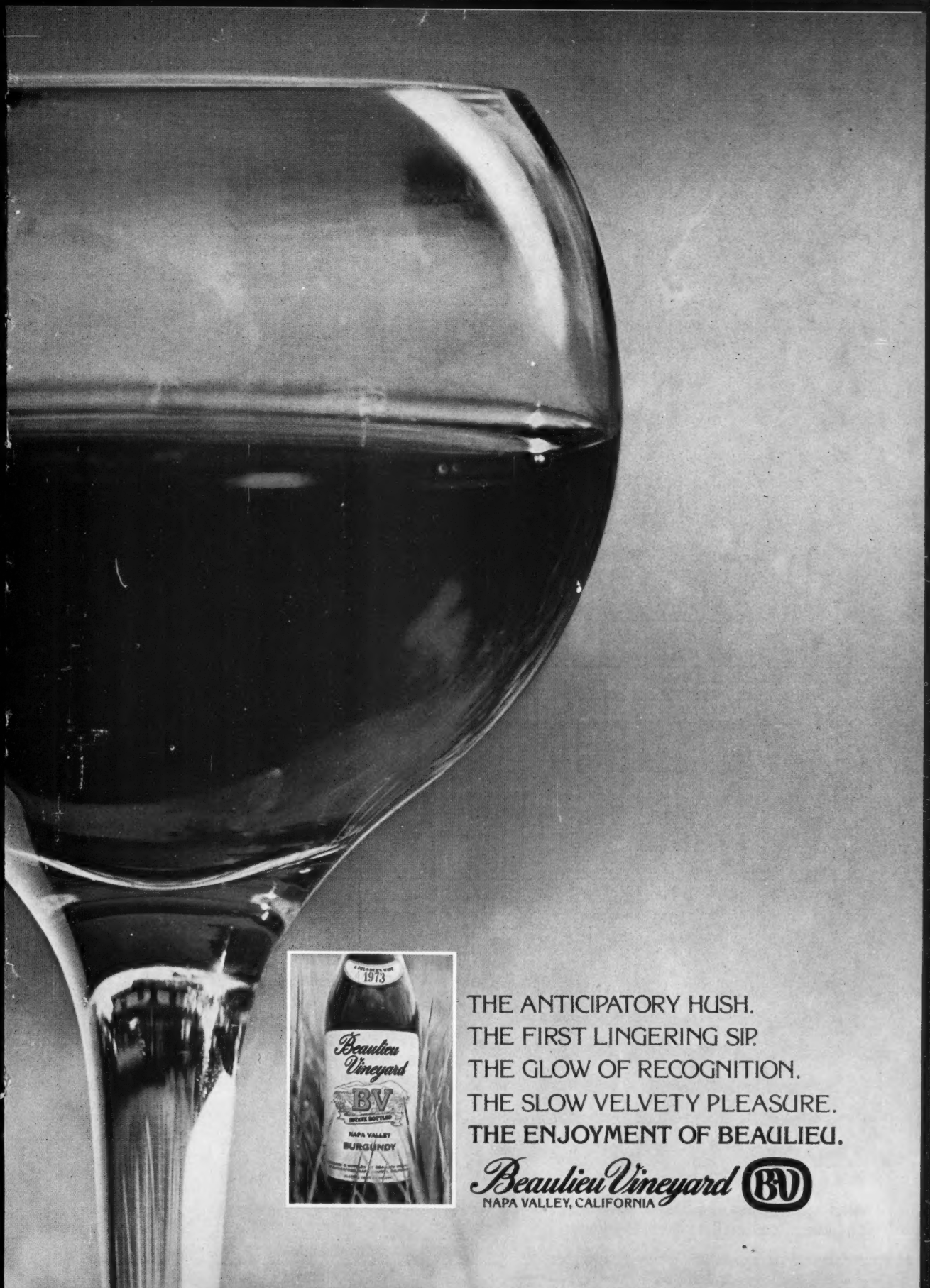
The plot of *Marathon Man* is so complicated that (1) it took two viewings of the film plus a quick reading of the novel (which is a *very* quick read) to figure out just what was going on; and (2) it shouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the movie to read a synopsis here.

Once upon a time (1944) there was a young doctor at Auschwitz named Christian Szell, who had perfected a process of painful dentistry as part of the Nazi torture scheme. He also got rich extracting gold from the teeth of rich Jews in return for a promise of escape. By the end of the war, Szell had escaped to South America and had transferred his millions into diamonds, which found their way to a Manhattan safe-deposit box in care of his brother. During the cold war, Szell struck up an agreement with the Division, a para-CIA outfit within the American government, to finger an occasional fugitive Nazi in return for more diamonds. But now (1976) his brother has died, so old Szell (Laurence Olivier) must make a quick trip to New York to withdraw the diamonds and convert them into cash. One of the Division's diamond couriers, a platinum-hard smoothie named Doc (Roy Scheider), has decided—maybe—to rob Szell of the diamonds as he leaves the bank; but Szell anticipates Doc's initiative and slits his stomach open. Doc has strength enough in his eviscerated body only to stagger to the Columbia University apartment of his younger brother Babe (Dustin Hoffman) before dying. Babe knows nothing of Doc's work as a hitman and bagman, but Szell thinks he does—and so does Janeway (William Devane), the Division commander and Doc's former lover. Soon enough, Babe finds himself in a desolate warehouse, strapped into a chair, as Szell stares into his patient's mouth and picks up a glistening dental probe . . . .

It was just at this point that a large Manhattan preview audience started its antiphony of audible inhaling and nervous laughter: a lot of people had read the book. And the movie didn't disappoint. But for all the think-piece bromides critics have prescribed for its "excessive" violence, *Marathon Man* produces most of its shocks through the alternating currents of context and indirection. We never see Szell's fiendish hand-drill cut into the pulp in Babe's left incisor. (My fingers tremble as I type this, and I resolve to o.d. on sodium pentathol in the event I ever brush my teeth again.) As Hitchcock and many others have proved, it's the *suggestion* of identifiable pain that provokes the widest and deepest response in a movie audience. Simulated blood-letting may make you ill, or make you wonder at the evil genius of special-effects men. It takes a more sophisticated kind of moviemaking to pinpoint the discomfort you feel in a dentist's chair, and to transform this discomfort into the most palpably pain-



On the trail of a diamond cache, Laurence Olivier (right) plays an ex-Nazi who terrorizes Dustin Hoffman in *Marathon Man*. The film has legs.



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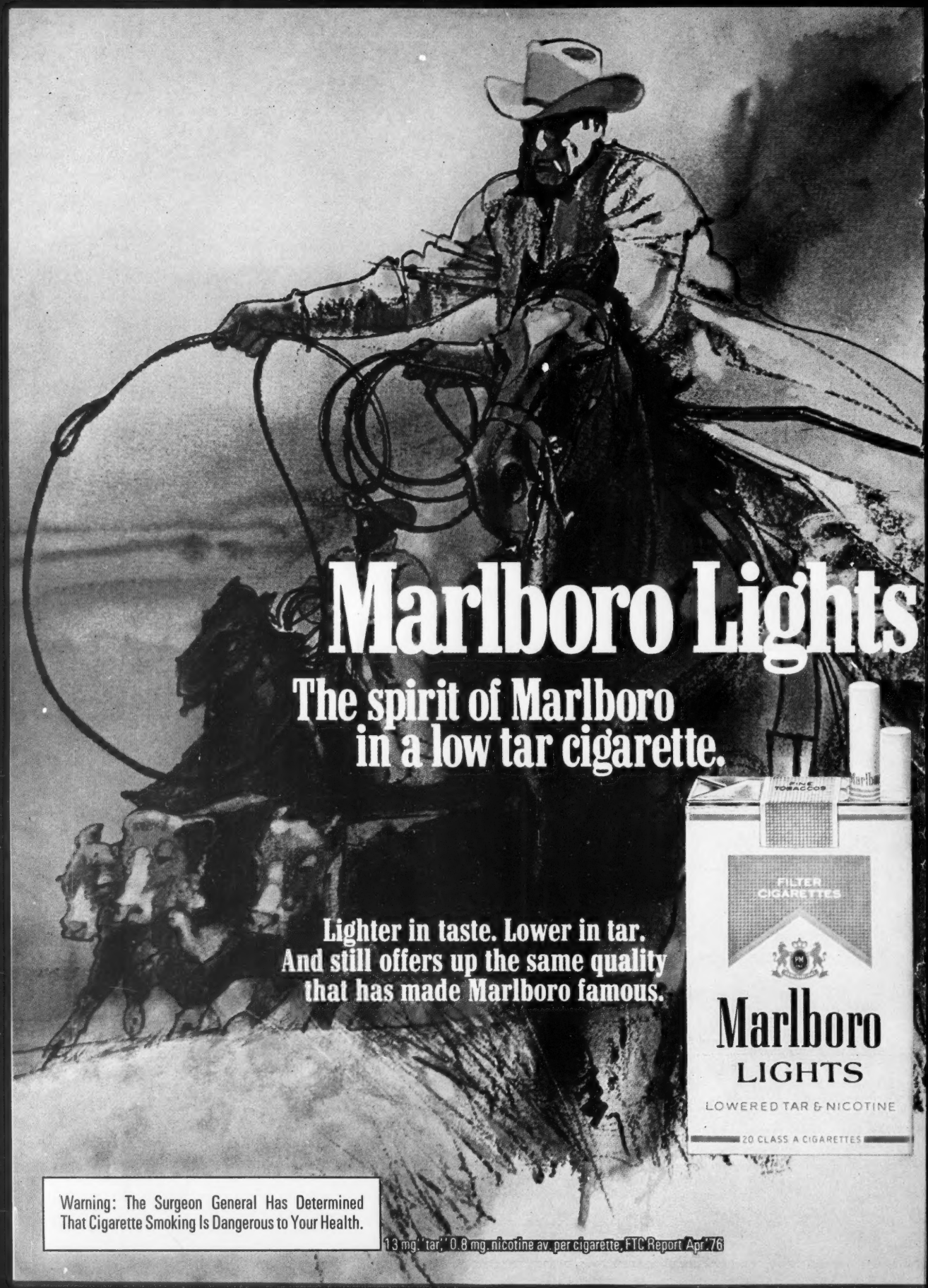
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ful moments in a movie that makes liberal use of Red Dye No. 2, or whatever Hollywood substitutes for blood these days. Besides, melodrama has always been tinged with crimson, and movies (short of the *Snuff* stuff) have the right to try and communicate terror to an audience. Advice to squeamish critics: if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitsch.

Marathon Man is kitsch of a pretty high order. And it dips effectively into the slightly-frayed, but still-full, bag of suspense-movie tricks. The villains are straight from Central Casting: a middle-European with sunken cheeks and a limp; a big Chinaman with one brown eye and one blue. The spooky Palais Royal location, where a soccer ball comes bounding ominously out of nowhere, is a steal from the climax of *Charade*, Stanley Donen's ebullient pastiche of Hitchcock movies. And the sequence of a bomb ticking away inside a baby-carriage doll is an oblique quote from Hitchcock's own *Sabotage* (where the bomb was concealed in a birdcage). In this case, Schlesinger produces an eerie *frisson* of his own by allowing the doll's eyes to open slowly—while the sound track goes dead—for a second before the explosion.

In the movie's two major "set pieces" (Janeway chases Babe through Manhattan's deserted West Side, and later Babe faces down Szell in the Central Park reservoir) Schlesinger and Goldman fatally disregard a cardinal rule of thrillers: in a dangerous situation, never give your hero the upper hand. In the first sequence, Babe really has the upper foot: he's a young marathon runner (hence the title) and Janeway's a middle-aged exec type. In the climactic scene, Babe is a young man with a gun; Szell is only an old man with a concealed knife. When Babe orders Szell to "eat" the diamonds he's finally collected, the audience can't help but feel some sympathy for the nasty Nazi—and for Laurence Olivier, who shouldn't be doing anything more strenuous these days than recording Shakespeare's *Sonnets* for the blind.

John Schlesinger has never been one of my favorite directors. His tone has too often been one of apocalyptic backbiting. He aims his leadfoot satire not so much at people as at whole cities. In his London (*Darling*), New York (*Midnight Cowboy*) or Los Angeles (*The Day of the Locust*), there's a creep on every corner, a mugger in every hallway, and an ideally cynical hero to help us feel superior to all that urban blight. But here, for once, his haughtier-than-thou attitude is used to good advantage. In a suspense movie, every passerby *should* look like a potential threat. You should never assume anyone is your ally—or your enemy. In one *Marathon Man* sequence, a gang of P.R. punks who've been tormenting Babe agree to vandalize his apartment for him (the plot is complicated, as I said); and when Janeway points his gun at the kids as they try to jimmy open Babe's door, they simply pull out their own pieces and answer Janeway's WASP authority with some obscene, street-smart moxie. On their home turf, I'd give New York's gangs the odds any day—against the cops, the Gestapo *and* the CIA.

The whole film has a nice sense of what's funny and what's scary, and what's both—in other words, what it's like to live in New York. And this mixture of humor and horror is reflected in the performance Schlesinger (always good with actors) has helped Dustin Hoffman give. Hoffman is the star as character actor. Here he plays a Woody Allen nebbish, but with a survivor's intelligence and, way down deep, a certain ferrety courage. Hoffman can be daring as a film actor, at times receding from the foreground of an image (where we expect the star to be), at other times barking out his frightened belligerence in closeup, as if the camera belonged to one of those ghoulish TV newsmen cornering a policeman's new widow. Like Olivier's, Hoffman's performances are crammed with bits of business—a stage tendency, which can backfire under the camera's gaze—but he's such a smart, meticulous actor that his choices almost always seem right. In the movie's best suspense sequence (the bad guys are breaking down Babe's locked bathroom door), the naked Hoffman makes the difficulty he has trying to put on his pajama bottoms into a tense, hilarious ballet of klutzy hysteria.

With Hoffman's performance giving the film the right amount of weight, *Marathon Man* takes its place just behind two other mid-seventies exemplars of paranoid intelligence, Alan Pakula's *The Parallax View* and Sydney Pollack's *Three Days of the Condor* (and far ahead of Hitchcock's plodding *Family Plot*). But maybe I'm using the word "paranoid" too loosely. The October *Esquire* told a true story that Hitchcock might once have turned into a memorable spy-suspense movie. It tells of Charlie Kremer, a Romanian Jew living in America, who has spent the last 35 years single-handedly (and single-mindedly) tracking down a former member of the infamous Iron Guard, Valerian Trifa, who is now the head of the Romanian Orthodox Episcopate of America, and who has ordained dozens of old Iron Guardists as Orthodox priests. The Bishop's case is finally coming to trial, and Charlie Kremer, now almost 80, is free to return to the profession he renounced in order to track down Trifa. Charlie was a dentist.

* * * *

Naziana is in full bloom. Russ Meyer, one of the major filmmakers of the sixties (*Faster Pussycat Kill Kill!, Vixen, Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*), has now made a screaming-nuts melodrama about American Naziism, called **Up.** The plots of Meyer's movies are impossible (and pointless) to describe; suffice it to say the synopsis in the *Up* press material runs for a couple of thousand words—and that's just for the main characters. But the difference between Meyer's best films and this one is the difference between caricature and grotesquerie, between the energetic and the frenetic, between delirium and camp, between Minsky's Burlesque and a sleazo strip joint. Meyer attracted a small cult a few years ago (I was one of the cultists), and the press clippings and master's theses seem to have gone—well, anywhere but to his head. Once a great primitive artist, Meyer has moved directly from adolescence to senility without ever passing through the maturity his admirers were hoping for. Though *Up* picks up at the end, when it becomes a mixed combo of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* and *The Rise of the Fourth Reich*, for most of its lo-o-ong 80 minutes the movie goes off in all directions—and never gets anywhere.

Much better-made, and more chilling, is **The California Reich,** an hour-long documentary about an American Nazi Party cell. A couple of brave, inquisitive Stanford graduates (Walter F. Parkes and Keith F. Critchlow) won the trust of the Nazis, who unconsciously insist on acting out Hannah Arendt's theory about "the banality of evil." But the film itself is anything but banal. Like the best documentaries, it makes a work of art out of found objects—in this case, a group of lower-middle-class family men who are no less frightening for looking as if they stepped out of bit-character parts on *Mary Hartman.*

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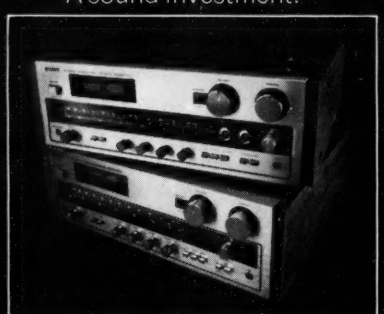

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Music

Ry Cooder: moving away from rock

By Kit Rachlis

To perform traditional music in the seventies is to court disaster. The pitfalls are many—imitation and camp are the most obvious; the compensations are few—there isn't much of an audience for rural blues these days. In a field which boasts good intentions but little else, Ry Cooder's five albums are pop's best proof that traditional music can be treated not as artifact, but as myth which continues to live and have meaning.

"There's guys that have fingerpicked better than me," he says. "There's guys that have played bottleneck better than me. The old guys, Reverend Gary Davis, Blind Blake, Joseph Spence, they really have done the definitive things. What the hell can you do? What you can do is take those ideas and those sounds, and that energy and that kind of feeling for music, and translate it into some other form and come up with something, if you're lucky or good enough to do it."

Cooder has been more than good enough. By recasting traditional music in contemporary terms without either paralyzing or bastardizing it, he has turned the inherent contradiction of a modern traditionalist on its head. Drawing from a plethora of native sources—Depression ballads, R&B, gospel, C&W, rural blues and most recently Tex-Mex and Hawaiian music—his records at once offer an overview of American popular music and define his place in it.

Cooder has implicitly understood that if traditional music is to survive, it must not only be placed in a modern context, but must also represent a peculiar and personal vision. Taken as a whole, his five albums on Warner/Reprise—his fifth, *Chicken Skin Music*, has recently been released—serve as a giant collage of American music, each song a pastiche of disparate elements. On *Paradise and Lunch*, his best album, he transforms the R&B classic, "It's All Over Now," into a reggae tune and "Tattler," a thirties rural hymn, into an R&B ballad.

"I hear a tune, and I imagine, what if," he says. "It's a fantasy. It gives it a new dimension that a lot of music might not otherwise have. It's the idea of putting two different things together and you multiply the whole effect. It's hard because some music just isn't meant to do that and sometimes you think it's going to work out and it doesn't. Have I really done something here or is it just a bunch of notes? Or what is it? Is it real or is it all in my head? That's something you never know for sure, I'll tell you. When it happens, it's great. That to me is the whole reward in making records entirely, to take things and jam them together and watch what happens."

Recently he has been experimenting with an all-male chorus as his back-up vocalists, but as early as his first album he was using tubas on a rural blues tune (Leadbelly's "Pig Meat") and elaborate orchestration on a Depression ballad (Alfred Reed's "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live").

Cooder's jamming of sounds together works, however outlandish his ideas might seem, because his arrangements express an uncanny empathy with the original intentions of the material. His strong emphasis on texture is stunningly apparent on his instrumentals ("Dark End Of The Street" and "Maria Elena" from *Boomer's Story*, in particular), but can be heard on all his work: his dubbing of the shimmering lines of electric slide guitar over the choppy rhythms of a blues mandolin has in fact become his stylistic trademark.

"What I'm doing is trying to move as far away from rock as I can," he says. "But I don't think that's bad. I think that gives me a chance to really pursue some things that rock is very limited in, you know. When I say rock, I mean the way people make records all the time, the whole sound of it.

"My favorite sounds are on the most primitive records where everything is totally screwed up. Those sounds to me have much more texture and dimension. I want these funny little weird bangs and hits when [studio] guys make mistakes. Things rattle, you know. The trouble with pop records is that they don't have any space to them. They're all on a plane, flat like an Egyptian painting. You end up with something that sounds lifeless, kind of stiff, and made in a studio and therefore just as similar to a lot of other people's records. I don't see any reason to compete on that level." And he doesn't; none of his albums have ever broken even.

Cooder in the studio: "I want these funny little weird bangs and hits."

Opinionated and stubborn, Cooder freely admits that there is little in contemporary music that he likes.

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He can't stand the Rolling Stones, for instance, but likes the Beach Boys; he doesn't care for Bob Dylan, but admires Randy Newman. What he rails against most, however, is "over-refinement"—an all inclusive word which in his terminology stands for anything that is slick and homogenous. Living in Los Angeles (Cooder is that rarity—a native Californian) provides him with a double vision. Because it is the vanguard for popular culture, Los Angeles fuels his rage against over-refinement ("You've got to admit that this place is a distorted way of life"), but at the same time it gives him a unique perspective on traditional music. "I happen to be in a strange position," he says. "I didn't grow up in a musical tradition at all, because L.A. is nobody's tradition." As a result, Cooder inherited his eclecticism naturally and suffers from none of the self-consciousness that afflicts many performers who play music outside their immediate cultural experience.

Like many people, Cooder's first introduction to American music was through the records of Woody Guthrie. "It was that album of dust bowl ballads which really set me off, with that picture, that black and white drawing of those people in the dust storm," he says. "For the first time I could see the music." By his own description, he did little as a child except play guitar (and later mandolin), listen to the radio—both the serials ("Boston Blackie," "Inner Sanctum") which his grandmother favored and the country R&B, gospel, and rock & roll programs which he preferred, and collect back issues of *Fortune* magazine. "I wasn't involved with normal teenage things," he says.

Though he performed in several bands, including a brief stint with Taj Mahal in a group called the Rising Sons, Cooder didn't earn a reputation (not to mention a living) until he began to work as a studio musician. His bottleneck style allowed him to become in his words "a weird specialist," backing such performers as the Seeds, Paul Revere and The Raiders, Arlo Guthrie and Randy Newman. He was also at the center of a stormy three week session with the Rolling Stones, which he now refuses to discuss. However, he credits the Stones for indirectly inspiring him to record on his own. "I was getting bored with studio work," he says. "Especially when I heard the Rolling Stones' version of 'It's All Over Now,' *then* I knew for a fact that it was time for me to record."

Cooder is not prolific. He has only made two albums (*Paradise and Lunch* and *Chicken Skin Music*) in the last four years. His output is slow because he is fastidious in selecting his material. Songs are chosen not just for their own value, but also because they can facilitate certain ideas for sounds. Cooder is also keenly aware of the limitations of his own voice, a colorful but inflexible instrument. His limited range is the major reason why he performs little R&B and gospel, idioms that he would emphasize more, he says, except that "I don't want to sound dumb or sell a tune short."

"It's not the actual cutting that takes so damn long, it's the preparation," he says. "When I go into a studio I try to know what I want. I used to not know, but now I try to come up with a set of things that a guy can work with, arrangements that are flexible, not locked in. It took me a long time to figure that out. See, that's mostly what I think about. How is so-and-so going to do this? Can he do it? What will it sound like? Will he like it? Will he hate it? Will he get all in a sweat and fuck up and never sound good? That's the things you got to think about."

Chicken Skin Music, the first album Cooder produced himself, is the result of his growing interest in Tex-Mex and Hawaiian music. During the last two years, Cooder taught himself how to play the accordion and started to work with Flaco Jimenez, a legendary Tex-Mex band leader and accordionist. During the same period he also began to play with Gabby Pahinui and Atta Isaacs, two of Hawaii's most revered traditional guitarists. All three musicians perform on *Chicken Skin Music* (a Hawaiian expression for goose pimples and therefore anything that is satisfying). Rather than a hodge-podge, the record is Cooder's most introspective and radical effort. Though it has more than its share of striking moments—particularly the Tex-Mex versions of "Goodnight Irene" and Jim Reeves' C&W classic "He'll Have To Go"—the album also has the tentative feel of an experiment not quite completed. Cooder, who has continued to work with Jimenez after the sessions, admits that he is not altogether happy with *Chicken Skin Music*.

"I would say the thing to do would be to cut the album now with Jimenez' band. You could do it in a matter of days," he says. "But I didn't do it that way. I was trying to figure out what to do and by the time I figured it out I had finished the record. You then obviously have to put the record out. You can't say, 'Well, this is a demo for this thing I'm going to do.' Not after you spent two years fucking around with the thing."

Cooder rehearsed this summer with Jimenez' quintet in preparation for a nine-week tour this fall, the longest in Cooder's career. Three gospel singers will round out this unusual ensemble. "It's not going to be your average rock and roll tour, I'll tell you that," Cooder says. But then nothing about Cooder's career has been average.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★Songs In The Key Of Life, Stevie Wonder (Tamla). It is tempting to admire the sheer audacity and craftsmanship behind Stevie Wonder's new recording, his first in over two years. Great expectations have justifiably surrounded this release: between 1972 and 1974, Wonder released four immensely popular albums that firmly established him as the most important and innovative black artist of the seventies.

But an admiration for mortal talent almost seems irrelevant to appreciating the God-given message Wonder currently claims to promulgate. Unfortunately, I must report that the Good News reads like yesterday's papers—unless George Harrison is a mahatma, too, and divine insight is *supposed* to be banal.

To be sure, Wonder's musical gifts are displayed—and rather ostentatiously, at that—throughout *Songs*. But this carefully calculated *tour de force* has about as much grace as a beached whale attempting somersaults. The lyrics *preach*, with unremitting humorlessness (as on "Black Man"); the ar-

rangements too often indulge an obtrusive cleverness (e.g., "Village Ghetto Land"—compare the lean drive of "Living for the City"). Ultimately, the very ponderous dimensions of Wonder's project smother the fine touches he manages throughout.

When all is said and done, there is little left, ironically, to distinguish Wonder's latest effort from chic Muzak. By trying to be all things to all people, he has ended up piously purveying inoffensive mush. It's a profitable trade to ply though: reports indicate *Songs* is the fastest-selling album in history.

★★★**All I Can Do,** Dolly Parton (RCA); ★★★**Somebody Somewhere,** Loretta Lynn (MCA). The two finest female performers in country music, in two unusually solid LPs. Parton's strong originals ("Shattered Image") carry the day, despite some cloying lyrics. For those who prefer their vibrato a little wider and their writing a little rawer, Lynn delivers a sturdy set of honky-tonk weepers ("While He's Making Love [I'm Making Believe]").

★★★**Buck & Bud,** Bucky Pizzarelli with Bud Freeman (Flying Dutchman). The guitarist Pizzarelli and tenorman Freeman, a Chicago veteran and former associate of Eddie Condon, in a series of graceful duets, punctuated by five gently jumping quintet sides spotlighting Pizzarelli's acoustic rhythm guitar work, a virtually lost art.

Books

The sanity option

By Geoffrey Wolff

Speedboat *By Renata Adler.* Random House (178 pp., $7.95).
Lovers and Tyrants *By Francine du Plessix Gray.* Simon and Schuster (316 pp., $8.95).

No less than most book critics, yours indulges in the vices of classification. Renata Adler, in this fictional thesaurus of behavioral oddities, notices a friend who "makes lists, with numbers, of what he has to do that day." I quite understand: my lists are always numbered, and whenever I identify likenesses, I make lists. Thus:

1/ Renata Adler and Francine du Plessix Gray were both born in Europe.

2/ They are of the generation that came of age in the fifties.

3/ They studied philosophy.

4/ They lived in Paris.

5/ They are journalists.

6/ They write for *The New Yorker.*

7/ These are their first novels.

8/ These first novels have been endorsed by Michael Arlen and Harold Brodkey.

9/ The above correspondences are, as Adler writes in another context, true. "'But not so very interesting.'"

Distinctions are always more interesting than similarities, and no distinction between *Speedboat* and *Lovers and Tyrants* is as representative of their author's singular sensibilities as their manipulations of dreams. Gray's autobiographical novel progresses through time to recover memory, and memory announces itself in lush dreams, loaded with insinuations, ghosts and allegories. These are not fully integrated into the text, nor are they subordinate to it. Rather they serve to gloss the narrator's life, and to deepen it. Adler is more interested in the astonishing character of surfaces than the mystery of depths: "I do not dream in parables." Gray inclines always toward the parable, the exemplary case. She wishes to understand the nature of love, the nature of subordination, the nature of unity. Her own case is theatrically unique, but so forceful is the pull of the general upon her that she shifts at the end of *Lovers and Tyrants* from what she has conceded is autobiography (told in the first person) to whole-cloth fiction (told in the third person) that might more purely represent *a* woman's—rather than *this* woman's—case.

JOAN NEARY FOR PEOPLE MAGAZINE. © TIME, INC.

RICHARD AVEDON

Gray and Adler: singular sensibilities.

Adler's fiction is bodied forth full-grown, born with combed hair and manicured nails, uttered with assurance. Her narrator, Jen Fain, has been a child, but she was a knowing one, one who from the first seemed to understand that "sanity . . . is the most profound moral option of our time." *Speedboat* records with a precision as dislocating as any symptom of madness the tics and phenomena the world has been conditioned to accept as quotidian regularity, such things as we try to catch on the hook of the locution *of course.* "We all watched the 'Eleventh Hour News,' which went on, of course, at the Twelfth Hour." In discrete episodes, linked only by a constant—indeed relentless—elegance of wonder, little insanities proliferate: an escalator reverses itself in Oakland, "dumping everyone onto a concrete cellar floor," the narrator ruminates upon "what an oddity, intellectually, ventriloquism on the radio used to be," a cargo door opens on a DC-10 in flight and a coffin falls out, and "A lady at work in her flower garden saw what she took to be a coffin fall from the sky into a neighboring field," and recently widowed, thinking herself mad ("the lady made the obvious inference"), she has herself committed to an asylum.

She is the sane one here, together with the narrator, a reporter. She recognizes that the sky is full of mysteries. *Speedboat* is an urban fiction—

urbane too, *of course*—and that woman, putting down her trowel to call the game quits, is in the context of the book's attentions almost exotic. This book is about people who suffer, every Sunday, the anxiety that their News of the Week in Review section will be missing (as it frequently in fact is) from the *New York Times*. In this fiction a flower deliverer, "at Sixty-ninth and Lexington, was hit by a flying suicide." People are trapped by one another at parties: "Escape procedures . . . were in full force. Some people, in a frenzy of antipathy and boredom, were drinking themselves into extreme approximations of longing to be together. Exchanging phone numbers, demanding to have lunch, proposing to share an apartment. . . ."

Nothing here is false. Nothing clinks or rattles. The narrator's blood is perfectly chilled, but does not clot. The episodes are like (correspondence again!) the speedboat of the title, flying with intimidating speed from wave to wave till its back is broken. It is repaired. One broken-backed episode slips into another confident beginning, and the only constant is recovery, the restitution of the narrator's capacity for surprise. *Speedboat* is of its kind almost perfect. It is just, spare, aspiring to the effect of a musical performance. There are only two false notes: Adler makes use of the much abused Magic Fingers, that innocent contrivance found in motels of the middle rank that for two bits have done their bit for every black comedy written in this decade. And once again an exemplum is fashioned from those Vietnamese who crap into the Mekong River, thus feeding the carp which they then eat: "Ecology." Like the question of whether the natural gait of a horse is the trot or the gallop, this is not an observation that ramifies. Adler recognizes such conundrums: "Within the first few seconds one has said about all there is to say. There are many such questions, which, once they are stated, are completed. Does Macy's tell Gimbel's, for example, does not ramify. You have got no further if you go on to Does Saks tell Bendel's, does Bonwit's tell Bergdorf's, does Chanel tell Givenchy, does Woolworth tell Kresge's, does Penn Station tell Grand Central, does Best's tell Peck and Peck? You are no longer expounding a proposition. You are having a tantrum."

This is a concise argument against the novel as a fictional form, against anything that persists in its fixation. Renata Adler is of the tribe of Isaac Babel and Jorge Luis Borges, artists of reduction for whom the prolonged metaphor seems as gross as size 15 EEE shoes on a delicate foot. It does not matter whether she calls *Speedboat* a "novel" or "stories" or "illuminations." Its strength is a product of the limits its parts set upon themselves.

The strength of *Lovers and Tyrants*, by contrast, is a power of accumulation and repetition, a most novelistic quality. Not for Gray the laconic; one of her mannerisms is the echoed word or phrase: "Dutiful love-making after lunch, duty, duty" and "Funny, funny that her lack of anger has brought her to such slickness, decadence." Gray is on record that this book was twelve years in the making, and that as long as it took it gave itself up hard, in pieces. It tells of a woman, Stephanie, born in Paris, come to America during the War, educated at a private school in New York and at Radcliffe, the lover of a French prince in Paris, the wife of a sweet "earth father," the lover of a bisexual kid during the sixties, a reporter, the daughter of a woman of fashion and a father killed during the War in a flying accident, the product of her dreams as much as her circumstances, above all things a woman, conditioned by genre.

The book proceeds bravely, exhaustively exploring a woman's memory of her crucial episodes, turning them this way and that, as in a dream too many times dreamt, returning to it, moving on. Stephanie shares with Renata Adler's Jen a conviction: "I know that I am inconquerably sane and that society is mad," but Jen would never put the case so nakedly, or so desperately. *Lovers and Tyrants* is already assured of a huge readership (it is a full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club) for reasons at the antipodes from the usual spurs to a book's popularity. It engages rather than diverts, and makes inescapable demands upon a reader's patience and attention. But its urgency is so manifest, as is its intelligence, that it has evidently made of a common obstacle to readers an uncommon attraction.

Gray's wit is integral to her book's virtue. Her women are victimized (despite their refusal to surrender themselves as victims), although Gray would never put the matter so vulgarly. She does it this way: a farmer hangs himself from the hydraulic lift of his bulldozer, and "At the funeral, his two brothers come into the church trying to support his widow by each arm. A useless gesture, since she walks steadfast and crisply, supporting them if anything, with no outward show of grief." What they call in show business a "class act." Yet neither is a full show of grief foreign to Gray's nature, or to the nature of Stephanie, whose recognition at last, in womanhood, of the effect upon her of her father's death is the central episode of *Lovers and Tyrants*.

For Gray love is tyranny. Stephanie's father reached from the grave to hold her. Her governess had in the "selfish tyranny of her love" held Stephanie back, "arrested some process of growth that I could never recapture." Her mother smothers her with often unfelt attentions, her husband with solicitude, her boyfriend with demands upon her. Yet the alternative is Prince Louis Bonaparte, loving only some idealized image of himself, or an escape into sleep, a death in life, "a long gestation." There is a prolonged quest in this book, and it would be claustrophobic were it clabbered by slef-pity. But it is not. It is freshened by intelligence, sanity, Adler's "profound moral option."

So that suicide, for example, is dismissed as absurd, comically absurd. A Paris colleague indulges "occasional attempts at suicide. Once he ties a noose around his neck and jumps from three telephone books stacked on the floor of his apartment, ending up with a severe sore throat. Another time, noosed again, he stands on a foot-high block of ice and waits for it to melt while reading from the Koran, whose violence he enjoys." (Laughter here, surely?) "My work is lonely. The paycheck thin. This city seems to hate me. Its damp winds and smogs are giving me chronic bronchitis, its men trying to make me in taxicabs, its women hissing gossip that I'm a lesbian, the food of its lousy bistros giving me diarrhea, its pipes bursting wherever I live."

And in the face of all this, life's fundamental regulations, not the flamboyant exit of a Plath or a Sexton, a confusion of enemies, but a will to impose sanity, the harmony of a performance of sensibility, upon the imagination. There is something inspirational about both these books, as sometimes a full kick in the ass may be said to be inspirational. Nothing life-changing, mind you, simply a reminder of what's what, and how elegantly it is sometimes rendered.

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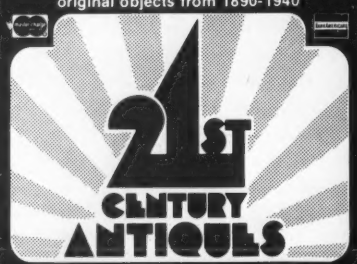

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Food

Lacking in fiber/By James Trager

"Five times more fiber than ordinary white bread," says the ballyhoo for Fresh Horizons, brought to you by the makers of Wonder Bread (ITT–Continental Baking Co.).

And what is the new wonder that gives Fresh Horizons thirty percent fewer calories and that may endear it even to the health food crowd? The wonder ingredient is alpha cellulose, meaning purified wood pulp. Last year it might have been called "foreign matter," an adulterant, but this is the year of fiber–consciousness.

Diets low in fiber, we are told, are to blame for everything from cancer of the colon and rectum to heart disease, and the typical American meal contains only 1 to 4 percent fiber.

The high–fiber diet has been given the blessing of eminent authorities including even Dr. Jean Mayer, late of Harvard, now president of Tufts. Elaborate hypotheses are presented to support the new gospel that our diets should contain more cellulose—which is no more digestible to humans than it ever was and remains even emptier than the "empty calories" so deplored in recent years.

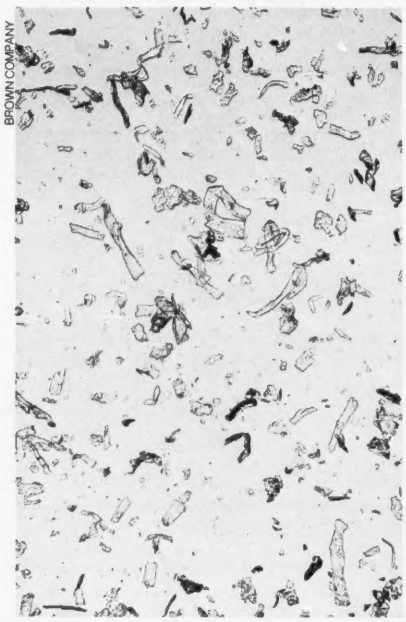
But for all the extravagant claims made about the life–saving benefits of fiber, the most that anyone can say with certainty is that a high-fiber diet might help and probably won't hurt.

Evidence that a high–fiber diet can reduce the risk of coronary heart disease, cancer of the colon and rectum and other modern plagues comes almost entirely from epidemiology. It is interesting evidence, but it is circumstantial, and it is by no means conclusive. There is, in fact, probably more reason to associate high incidence of heart disease and cancer of the colon and rectum with diets high in fat than with diets low in fiber.

The case against low–fiber diets began with findings made in the 1960s by the British physician Denis Burkitt, now 65, whose work in East Africa attracted other investigators and eventually developed into a philosophy. The diets of Africa's rural blacks contain large amounts of natural fiber; the blacks have extremely low incidence of coronary heart disease, cancer of the colon and rectum, diverticulosis, diverticulitis, diabetes and appendicitis. Urban whites whose diets are low in natural fiber have high incidences of all six, not to mention constipation and its attendant problems, such as hemorrhoids. A high–fiber diet, say its supporters, results in a more rapid transit of material through the gut, reducing the opportunity for gut bacteria to produce a carcinogen that can act on the gut wall.

In addition to this role of guarding against cancer of the colon and rectum, the high–fiber diet is also said to be effective in lowering serum cholesterol levels which are associated with increased risk of coronary heart disease.

All of this adds up to a seductive plausibility for the high–fiber diet. It is a dietary philosophy that fits nicely with the widespread suspicion that modern diets are somehow less healthy than primitive diets, that most of our ills are rooted in our over–consumption of refined flour, refined sugar, hydrogenated fats and other products of newfangled food technology. It also dovetails with the widely held Anglo–European–American faith in the purge as a cure for damn near everything.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Great American fortunes have been made from products that capitalized on the concern about bowel regularity. Twenty-four years after Dr. John Harvey Kellogg and Will Keith Kellogg found a way to sell 60–cent–a–bushel wheat at twelve dollars a bushel (their Granose was the world's first flaked breakfast food in 1895), Kellogg's All-Bran hit the market. In 1923 came Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes.

Bran consists of the outer layer of the wheat berry, or kernel, removed in milling. Ruminant animals have intestinal bacteria that can digest bran and it was once used only for cattle feed. Plenty of bran remains in whole-grain bread, but most people don't like whole–grain bread. There it sits on the supermarket shelf, full of wholesome fiber, while customers disdain it for the much–abused sliced white "balloon" bread.

Bran is one form of fiber, but that term includes also fruit and vegetable cellulose, pectin (found in apples and other fruit), lignin (wood pulp is one source), and guar gum obtained from the seeds of a legume and used as a thickening agent in many processed foods. "Fiber terminology is poorly understood and often incorrectly used," report Gene Spiller and Ronald J. Amen of Syntex Research at Palo Alto. The effect of a given fiber complex (e.g. bran), they say, is too often used to generalize about the effect of all dietary fibers.

The case for increasing dietary fiber to reduce the toll of heart disease is based on fiber's ability to bind the bile salt related to serum cholesterol. Studies at Philadelphia's Wistar Institute indicate that bran is not very effective as a binder of the relevant bile salt: pectin and guar gum are far more effective, and so is lignin, contained in wood pulp and most other fibers. That would seem to support the idea of adding wood pulp to bread flour except for one thing: "Purified types of fiber seemed unable to bind bile salts," says Wistar Institute's Dr. David Kritchevsky. But not so fast. There may be another way for fiber to reduce serum cholesterol levels. Fibers in general have a water–holding capacity which greatly increases total fecal output and, according to Kirtchevsky, "could influence the absorption of cholesterol and bile acids."

The jury is still out—and will remain out for some time to come—on the relation, if any, between dietary fiber and the risk of coronary heart disease. As to the relation between dietary fiber and cancer of the colon and rectum, there is growing doubt that any such relation exists, despite the plausibility of the theory.

A 1973 study reported by the Colon Cancer Segment of the National Cancer Institute suggested that diet was "a likely candidate" among the environmental factors "possibly affecting the rates of intestinal carcinomas," but went on to state, "At present, there are relatively little empirical data to implicate diet as a source of colonic carcinogens." Dr. John W. Berg at the University of Iowa, one of the authors of the 1973 N.C.I. study, remarked last week: "I don't think dietary fiber has anything to do with bowel cancer." He cites a more recent study by a compatriot of Denis Burkitt: M.J. Hill of the Bacterial Metabolism Research Laboratory at Britain's Colindale Hospital. It is not clear, says Dr. Hill, that dietary fiber does increase transit time of material from mouth to anus, but in any event the rate of transit, and the time available for bacterial action, are far less important than "the physiological milieu in which the reactions take place." The chance "that a carcinogenic event will take place in an intestinal cell" is dependent not on the rate at which the contents of the gut move along but on the concentration of carcinogen in the gut contents.

Also questioned by Dr. Hill are the epidemiological studies suggesting that populations whose diets contain a lot of fiber are for dietary reasons less susceptible to cancer of the colon and rectum. The average Englishman, says Dr. Hill, consumes more dietary fiber than the average Indian simply because he eats more total food, and that food has over the years increased in fiber content when the rising consumption of leguminous vegetables is considered.

Increasing dietary fiber may not be a bad idea but there is no doubt that claims have been blown up out of all proportion to underlying evidence. *The Save Your Life Diet* book by Dr. David Reuben is now out in paperback after having sold about 150,000 copies in hardcover. The man who once told us everything we always wanted to know about something else now tells us that "a diet with abundant roughage [may] actually impair the ability of the small intestine to *absorb* calories. That might mean that someone on a high-roughage diet can actually *eat more and still lose*" (Emphasis and syntax Dr. Reuben's). What more glorious prospect could an overweight food maven possibly entertain?

Similar far-out claims are made by Carleton Fredericks, the veteran promoter of dietary supplements, in another "save your life" paperback. More responsible is medical writer Lawrence Galton's *The Truth About Fiber in Your Food*; Galton went to England and interviewed Denis Burkitt and other proponents of high-fiber diets but he did not talk to Dr. Hill. "It is not, as you see, open and shut," says Galton. "There is going to be much more to come on dietary fiber." But it may turn out that the more we learn about dietary fiber the less relevance we will find to heart disease, cancer of the colon and rectum, and some other ills, including appendicitis (whose incidence, by the way, has declined in recent years for reasons that are known but that can hardly be associated with dietary fiber).

Physicians who used to treat diverticulosis with low-residue diets are now finding success in using high-fiber diets, but as for more serious diseases the case for dietary fiber remains weak.

The Wonder Bread people and other bakers of premium-priced loaves with fiber additives are wisely avoiding "save your life" claims. Responding to legal threats by the Food and Drug Administration, the company recently agreed to change the language used on its bread wrappers and other promotional material. The medical benefits of fiber will be downplayed. The door is not shut to the possibility that increasing dietary fiber may have some vague general benefits to digestion and health, but evidence for anything more remarkable remains flabby. Lacking in fiber, you might say.

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Final Tribute

The end of the grit mystique/By Carol Caldwell

Thank the Lahwood all this flap in the press about the South is petering out, about to go the way of the hooping skirt. The last of the Yankee presspeople have packed their bags last night pre-flight, and they's up and gone. But I can guarangoddamtee you, those times here are not forgotten.

Of course, it was "Candit Jimmy Cottuh" what brought it all down around our spinning heads. (A quick note to *Time*: we pronounce that *Jeemy Cawdah*, not like that befuddled school teacher everybody keeps welcoming back.) But for all y'all (please note apostrophe position, Yankee copy editors) and for all us-all, the media wake-up has sounded on our once-sleepy Southernism. For once I agree with Georgia's reconstruction "populist," that addled old fool Tom Watson, who charged the encroaching Yankees with "monastic gloom, nasal preachments, kill-joy countenances, lank-haired bigotry and censorious meddling in everybody's business."

Only this time, you're killing us with yazsuhs! All of us who've been day-to-daying it down here can't believe the extraordinary vogue you've vaulted us into; in a way, it was a hell of a lot easier living with being y'all's neglected stepchild. Jeez, you guys, excuse me for taking an overworked idiom in its most literal sense—but, this is just where we're coming from. You know?

Erudite arms of the Yankee press, like *Harper's, Saturday Review, Time, Newsweek, New York Times Magazine, New Times, Rolling Stone*, and so on, have devoted precious cover space and thousands of words to bring us New Insights into the New South. Top reporters were dispensed to any and all points south, to risk life and limb in the tepid shades of Southern gothic—without benefit of *Michelin Guide* or the first warning about drinking the water. Most started here in Atlanta to cushion the culture shock. After a couple out-patient days of gingerly stomaching city grits, it was into the outback. God only knew what all was out there: fat, drawling sheriffs, Bette Davis old ladies stuffed up in decaying columned mansions, and mean-faced white folks who act on everything in clumps.

It must have come as a reeling blow to you brave souls of the Yankee press when you ran up on regular old folks down here and found we are not as mysterious as Hollywood suggests. You wired back reports that quivered with the kind of salient scientific perspective that can only come from the outside looking in. They were good and they were clinically correct. But in your superficial bushbeating you lopped off the top of our emotions and guts, praising the mannerly veneer of the South. I haven't seen the cue word "soul" so loosely spewed out since Aunt Winnie went on to her reward in '56. May I take so bold as to suggest that the "soul" to the Southern mind defies definition and can only be understood on a level beyond verbal communication?

But it was things verbal that became of utmost fascination. *Time* devotes a plentious block in the September 27 issue to the unraveling of the word "tad," a word it paradoxically defines as "an undefinable little bit." I always figured a tad to fall somewhere just between a

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scintilla and an iota. But then, I grew up down here and I done got some learnin'. *Time* also tells of "*a* fast climbing kudzu" shorting out a transformer. I tell you what, little buddy, if you've ever seen a kudzu in action, you know that singling out "*a*" kudzu is like trying to get hold of "*a*" grit. And *Time* claims that in "epic southern style" Jimmy's granddaddy was gunned down in an argument over the ownership of a desk. I guess I missed out on the best of the epic desk disputes, being a war baby and all, but it did kind of make me wonder what the "epic" Northern answer to desk poaching was.

Bobby San Anson, of right there at *New Times*, did a most insightful reportorial rendering of the South; though in his linguistic bushbeating he describes a hapless Charlotte man as "getting his dandruff up"—a strangely anti-gravitational misinterpretation of the old saying "Get your dander up." And bless you, Bobby Sam, *Beauchamp* Carr's forebearers would turn over in their plots if they knew you misspelled that fine old family name B-e-e-c-h-a-m. Y'all'd just as soon spell Beaufort, S.C., Buford, if we did'nt watch you.

So our folkways and morays have been picked apart like so many bones of a Sunday fried chicken, and splayed across the national consciousness. And you think by committing it to black and white in roman typeface, you can know who we are. So be it. The weary correspondents have packed their bags of Vuiton or Cross instead of humble carpets and gone home to cocktail parties, to report: "Aw, it's not really all that different down there in the South. It's really a lot the same."

Well, it is a lot the same. We haven't cornered the market on rednecks, not by a long shot. Rednecks are rednecks, here or there. The middle class is the middle class, here or there. Folks down here are getting hotpants for the Big Bucks just like everybody else; after all, we feed into the networks just like y'all.

Let's back off a second and get some perspective on all this to-do. As I understand it, the South is part and parcel of that very same land formation you guys broke off on a couple of hundred million years ago. We all ended up on the same side of the Continental Drift, right? And if you'll pardon some momentary spleen venting, it really gets our dander up that you guys find us acceptable now, you crazy, zany trend-setters, you. The good Doctor Hunter S. Thompson had one of the most constructive lines I saw in all this folderol, in *Rolling Stone*, when he panned "these goddam brainless fools who refuse to serve liquor in the Atlanta airport on Sunday."

Well, o.k. You all were bored and for a few months we were timely. We understand there's got to be fodder to feed the presses. But don't expect us to roll over and stick up our legs to have our adorable freckled tummies tickled by all this attention. And it's not your fault or our fault, or really anybody's fault we're not quite what we used to be. Who is? But I do remember a South, and sometimes slip up on it unawares, where people and places are warm and kind, selfless and open. You know, y'all still have a lot of that up there yourselves. ●